Saturday Review

PTEMBER 4, 1954 / 20¢

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ALKING PEACE
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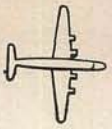

TWENTY-SEVEN PRIZES AWAIT WINNERS OF SR'S WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS

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Your camera can turn into a magic carpet for you.

Of course, the carpet comes in a 1954 model—a huge Clipper* of Pan American World Airways. This is quite a trick for a lens to perform.

The magic only works if you enter the competition for THE SATURDAY REVIEW's second annual World Travel Photographic Awards, when you immediately become eligible for any one of twenty-seven prizes. Here are the details!

The Grand Prize among the Awards will be a 15-day holiday for two in Europe, expenses paid, with round-trip transportation via Pan American. London, Rome, Paris *and* the Riviera, that fabulous Mediterranean playground, will open their arms to the winner and his companion.

Second prize will be two of Eastman Kodak's most popular products: an 8 mm. Cine-Kodak and a Kodascope projector.

Third prize will be a $200 gift certificate to permit the winner to select whatever photographic equipment and supplies he wishes. There will be twenty-four other gift certificate prizes, ranging in value from $100 to $25, all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures in either color or black-and-white, on vacation trips during the past year.

As a special inducement to early entries, Pan American World Airways is also offering a complimentary copy of their unique world-wide travel guide, "New Horizons," to the first 250 contestants sending in pictures to THE SATURDAY REVIEW. This guide covers 84 countries and six continents in both words and pictures.

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW's annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 1, 1955, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.
Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer.
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.
Joseph Costa—Chairman of the Board, National Press Photographers Association, and Chief Photographer, King Features Syndicate.

Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1954. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the European holiday outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1953, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes. They may be taken with any kind of camera on any kind of film, either in color or black-and-white.

3. Black-and-white photographs must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10. On the back of the photograph must appear the name, age and address of the photographer, the make of the camera and film used in taking the picture, the date and place it was shot. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages, are eligible. No black-and-white pictures from color transparencies will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed. No prints will be returned. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

4. Original color transparencies must be submitted. Color prints are not eligible. All transparencies must be mounted, preferably in metal or cardboard frames. Glass mounts are acceptable, but are much more likely to be broken in shipping and handling. The same photographic data as for black-and-white pictures must be given and should be written or otherwise given directly on each mounting frame for each picture. Gummed labels can be used on metal frames. Color stereos are eligible, but will be judged as single pictures so only one transparency need be sent. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Duplicate transparencies will be made for color prize winners.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1954, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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SR's Library Poll

THE Nobel Prize might sweeten some men's style, but not Yoknapatawpha's William Faulkner. His "A Fable" (#16 on *SR*'s list) is a thickish volume containing most of the symbols, cross-symbols, sentence-paragraphs, paragraph-sentences—in this case grouped around a modern Crucifixion—which have made his work a problem and a marvel to a generation of admirers.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F) *
2. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F) *
3. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G) **
4. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
5. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **Gone With the Wind**
   by Margaret Mitchell (F)
8. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
   by Caryl Chessman (G)
9. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
10. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
11. **The Dollmaker**
    by Harriette Arnow (F)
12. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
13. **Magnificent Obsession**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
14. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
15. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
16. **A Fable**
    by William Faulkner (F)
17. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
18. **Bless This House**
    by Norah Lofts (F)
19. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
20. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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The BACK LIST Blues

In the publishing business, September usually marks the beginning of what is called the annual Fall Sweepstakes. Every publisher, large and small, issues a welter of books —most of which drop by the wayside in the fierce competition for review space and bookstore selling space.

It is the fond, secret wish of most publishers that before they embark once again on this annual merry-go-round they may cast one lingering look over their shoulders at some of the *good* books they have published in recent seasons and somehow bring them once again to public attention before they are snowed under completely.

We are no different in this respect. We can't resist the impulse to direct the attention of readers who may have missed them, to the following books:

McCarthy And His Enemies

by *William F. Buckley, Jr.* and *L. Brent Bozell*

Still the best case-book in print on the whole involved story of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. **$5.00**

The Conservative Mind

by *Russell Kirk*

One of the most important books published in recent years. A history of traditional conservatism as exemplified by philosophers from Burke to Santayana... (The author's new book, A PROGRAM FOR CONSERVATIVES, which we will publish in October is a sure bet to be one of the best books of the season.) **$6.50**

The Arab World

by *Nejla Izzeddin*

An invaluable guide to the past, present and future of the Arab nations. A History Book Club Selection. Illustrated. **$6.50**

Weeping Cross

by *Henry Logan Stuart*

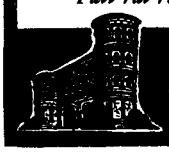
An extraordinary powerful novel of a Cavalier Catholic set down in Puritan New England. Unusual and compelling. **$4.00**

A Century Of Conflict

by *Stefan T. Possony*

The only detailed study of a century of International Communism available. Has been translated into five foreign languages. **$7.50**

Now, with a clear conscience, we can dive headlong into the annual Fall rat-race. Happy reading!



Henry Regnery
Chicago

The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 4, 1954

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TRADE Winds

THE LABOR DAY weekend is the time for taking stock, among other things, of past summer pleasures, of motels missed, friends revisited, and resorts rewritten. For us, however, no vacation story can touch Ring Lardner's epic, "Thompson's Vacation." A three-page play in two acts, it is available, among other places, in the Viking Portable "Ring Lardner," and we present it here, in summarized form, for the benefit of the ABA'ers who may have missed something at their convention in Atlantic City:

ACT I

(August 28. The smoking car of a city-bound suburban train . . .)

HAINES: Hello there, Thompson . . . What's the good word?

THOMPSON: Well—I don't know. I've been on a vacation for two weeks.

HAINES: Where was you?

THOMPSON: Atlantic City.

HAINES: Where did you stop?

THOMPSON: At the Edgar.

HAINES: The Edgar! Who steered you to that joint? . . . Why didn't you go to the Wallace? Same prices and everything up to date. How did you happen to pick out a dirty old joint like the Edgar? . . . Did you go in any of them cabarets?

THOMPSON: Yes, I was in the Mecca and the Garden . . . I had some real beer in the Mecca.

HAINES: Say, that stuff they give you in the Mecca is dishwater. They's only one place in Atlantic City to get real beer. That's the Wonderland . . . Did you meet many dames?

THOMPSON: Only a couple of them. But they was pips!

HAINES: Pips! You don't see no real pips down there in August. The time to catch the pips down there is—well, June, July, September, May or any time in the fall or winter or spring . . . I think you're a sucker to pick out August for a vacation. May or June or September, that's the time for a vacation.

THOMPSON: Well, see you again.

ACT II

(Four minutes later. A downtown subway express)

DILLON: Hello there, Thompson . . . Ain't you been on a vacation?

THOMPSON: Yeah.

DILLON: What kind of a time did you have?

THOMPSON: Rotten.

DILLON: Where was you?

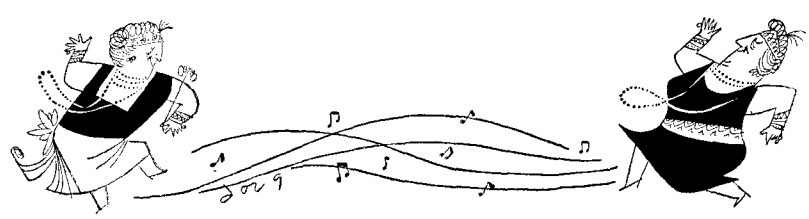
THOMPSON: Nowhere.

AS FOR OURSELVES, the highlight of our summer was the Jazz Festival at Newport; it was made to order for anyone who has set himself to chronicling the "400." Just when you're sure they're all dead and buried they up and—well, dig.

Dig they did, too—in, of all places, the Newport Casino, a crumbling, seventy-year-old, tradition-hallowed clubhouse on Bellevue Avenue, which had previously been reserved for horse shows, tennis, tea, Mullaly's String Orchestra, the Vanderbilts, and one or two awfully nice Astors. Here, on two successive ice-cold nights—the last one with rain to boot—came Stan Kenton, Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, Peanuts Hucko, Pee Wee Russell, Dizzie Gillespie, Buzzy Drootin, Milt Jackson, Lee Konitz, Lou McGarrity, Ralph Sutton, Bob Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, George Shearing, Lee Wiley, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Gene Krupa, and some 7,000 krazy kats, some of them not too nicely awful. The whole affair was financed, almost singlehandedly, by Newport's young Louis L. Lorillard (an umpteenth generation of the tobacco family), hostessed by his beautiful blonde Boston wife, Elaine, directed by the noted jazz impresario George Wein, and blessed by such authorities as John Hammond, Marshall Stearns, and Father O'Connor, Boston's so-called Jazz Priest. All in all they showed that Newport, which was originally offered Tanglewood but turned it down and which has consistently lost heavily in financing summer visits of the New York Philharmonic, could make not only a go of jazz, but a resounding, bebopping go go go.

NOT THE LEAST interesting feature of the proceedings was the fact that every magazine from *Downbeat* to *Glamour* and from *The Reporter* to *Ebony* was present. The most rambunctious, by all odds, was *Life*. At one time their photographer, apparently in an effort to photograph himself, had to be forcibly restrained from boring a hole in the back of the half-shell and thus spoiling the sound for everybody else. The quietest, on the other hand, was *The New Yorker*—in the person of their indefatigable profiler Lillian Ross. Miss Ross's deadpan in print is matched only by her apparent naiveté in person, and her "who's," "what's," "where's," "how's," and "why's," all delivered in a charming still small voice, somehow lingered on in the Newport night air, even when the last of the dinning jam sessions was over. "Who are the Vanderbilts?" "What is the Breakers?" "Where is Perle Mesta?" "How do you get to Bailey's Beach?" "Why are the social people leaving?"

There were two memorable moments, however, which, for all the coverage, we have reserved for the final edition of "The Last Resorts." One was the occasion when, at a party at the home of James H. Van Alen, president of the Casino, a discussion occurred concerning the dubious origins of the word "jazz." Among Northwestern's anthropologist Dr. Alan Merriam, Atlanta's Professor Willis James, Hunter College's Professor Stearns, and Boston's Father O'Connor it was agreed that, in the final analysis, jazz was a dirty word. At this point Newport's Mrs. Van Alen joined the discussion. "A dirty word?" she asked. "In what language?" A little later in the evening the great Eddie Condon, slightly the worse for air, arrived at the party. He shook hands with the Van Alens' doorman and several butlers and was just getting his bearings when Mr. Van Alen spotted him. Eagerly, since Condon was the first musician to appear at his party, Van Alen rushed to his piano and grabbed the sheet music to a song he had apparently written in honor of Dwight D. Eisenhower. He rushed up to Condon and explained that the song had been played, in honor of his contributions to the Republican cause, at a $100-a-plate Victory Dinner in Boston; he felt it deserved a wider audience and was sure it would get one if properly pushed by Mr. Condon. All this was too much for Eddie. Still staggering in the sumptuous doorway, he slowly and deliberately took the song from Van Alen's eager hands, then rocked



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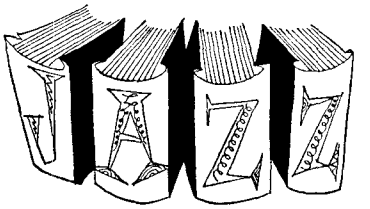
back on his heels for a moment and attempted to read a couple of lines. Suddenly he rocked down and handed the song back. "Hell, man," he said, in a voice that shook the chandelier,



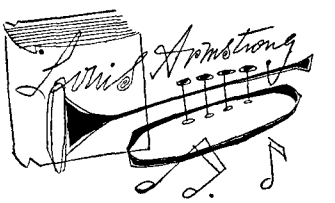
"I didn't even know you people in Newport were allowed to vote!"

ON ONE THING all the jazz authorities were agreed—there has, as yet, been no definitive book on the history of jazz. On that note we left the authorities and determined to report on what books there were, are, and will be. There are, first, two excellent histories of American music, both of which, if not definitive on the subject, at least do not slight jazz. One, published in 1948, is Sigmund Spaeth's "A History of Popular Music in America" (Random House, $5); the other, forthcoming this fall on October 27, is Gilbert Chase's "America's Music" (McGraw-Hill, $7.50). If Spaeth's book has already made a place for itself as containing the most complete history of popular music ever in print, Chase's book is the first effort to give a complete, and yet also interpretative, history of the whole relationship between the American serious, or "classical," group on the one hand and, on the other, the popular, or "jazz," group. "Who could imagine," asks Douglas Moore in his introduction, "a pattern which would include Billings, Foster, Gottschalk, Chadwick, and Gershwin?" Apparently Gilbert Chase, presently our cultural attaché in Buenos Aires, not only imagined it but did it—in 600 pages. Meanwhile, there comes in September a so-called "interim" edition of John Tasker Howard's "Our American Music" (Crowell, $6.50), which was originally published in 1929 and is now, in 841 pages, brought up to—well, interim.

The difficulty of writing about music is, of course, the fact that there is no substitute, on paper, for the sound of the music itself, and the editor or chronicler all too often overintrudes himself in an effort to make up for it. This is amply illustrated in a book to be published next week, "103 Lyrics of Cole Porter" (Random House, $3.50). Here Fred Lounsberry, who identifies himself only as "a Cole Porter fan," divides Porter's great lyrics into so many classifications that even Porter himself would be at a loss to explain them. For example, "I Get a Kick Out of You" is included under Lounsberry's "Partly Apart" classification, because, as he puts it, "'You obviously don't adore me' is too completely negative to be ignored." Nonetheless, the lyrics themselves, collected and published for the first time, make the book a gem.

RETURNING TO JAZZ (our original classification) Langston Hughes in his just published "First Book of Jazz" (Franklin Watts $1.75) declares that "the story of Louis Armstrong is almost the whole story of orchestral jazz in America." As if to prove the point (Hughes's is a children's book) there comes, on October 5, "strictly for adults," the autobiography of the great Louis himself—"Satchmo" (Prentice-Hall, $3.50). Batting out his story on a borrowed typewriter, Armstrong, a man blessed with total recall, was supposedly writing his whole life but found that writing only up to the time he was twenty-two he had a full-length book. Furthermore, he presented his first draft to his publishers with spaces left for trumpet music. When his publishers protested that it was not to be an audio book, and could hardly be blown to each reader, Armstrong lost interest. He was, he explained, "fit to be tired." Asked on an author's questionnaire please to list, in the order of preference, his titles, he wrote "My Story Written My Way by Me."

At this juncture Armstrong's notes were translated into French and published abroad. Now, translated back again, it is offered in English,



but it is still Armstrong's English, all the way from "frebie" (free meal) to "Roast Beef" (Tuxedo). Here is an extraordinary career, from the Colored Waifs' Home for Boys in "Back o' Town" New Orleans to the world's greatest jazz musician, and from start to finish the book beats, like Louis's own "Onward Brass Band," with honesty, pathos, humor, and almost unbelievable suspense. Mark "Satchmo" down now as the surprise of the year, not only for music lovers but for social historians—the most unghostlike, unselfconscious, untutoredly (or should we say "untrumpetedly") eloquent memoir we have read in a long, long time. The Book-of-the-Month may have chosen something else but this is a book for more than a month.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 4, 1954

TALKING PEACE WITH STALIN

"In the Cause of Peace" is a forthcoming book by Trygve Lie covering his years with the United Nations, from January 1946 to April 1953. It will be published by Macmillan on September 20, 1954. One of its most dramatic sections is the report of Mr. Lie's peace mission to Moscow and other capitals in the spring of 1950, immediately prior to the Korean War. In an effort to lessen cold-war tensions the Secretary-General had composed a "Memorandum of Points for Consideration in the Development of a Twenty-Year Program for Achieving Peace Through the United Nations." His plan was to present this memorandum in person to the heads of government and the foreign ministers of the United States, the United Kingdom, France, and the USSR, and to discuss it in private and with complete frankness.

The memorandum embodied ten main points:

"1. Inauguration of periodic meetings of the Security Council, attended by foreign ministers, or heads or other members of governments, as provided by the United Nations Charter and the rules of procedure; together with further development and use of other United Nations machinery for negotiation, mediation, and conciliation of international disputes.

"2. A new attempt to make progress toward establishing an international control system for atomic energy that will be effective in preventing its use for war and promoting its use for peaceful purposes.

"3. A new approach to the problem of bringing the armaments race under control, not only in the field of atomic weapons, but in other weapons of mass destruction and in conventional armaments.

"4. A renewal of serious efforts to reach agreement on the armed forces to be made available under the Charter to the Security Council for the enforcement of its decisions.

"5. Acceptance and application of the principle that it is wise and right to proceed as rapidly as possible towards universality of membership.

"6. A sound and active program of technical assistance for economic development and encouragement of broadscale capital investment, using all appropriate private, governmental, and intergovernmental resources.

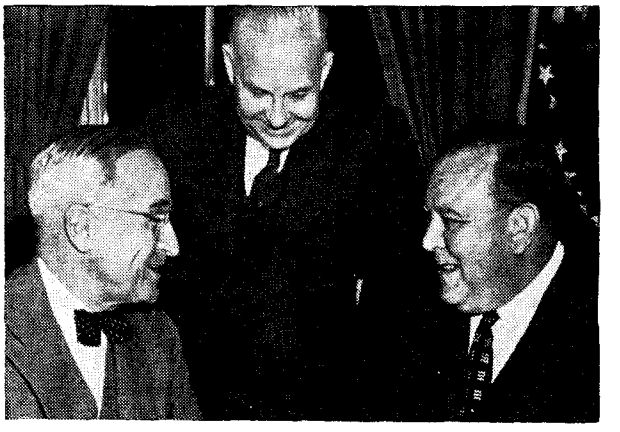
"7. More vigorous use by all Member Governments of the Specialized Agencies of the United Nations to promote, in the words of the Charter, 'higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress.'

"8. Vigorous and continued development of the work of the United Nations for wider observance and respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms throughout the world.

"9. Use of the United Nations to promote, by peaceful means instead of by force, the advancement of dependent, colonial, or semicolonial peoples towards a place of equality in the world.

"10. Active and systematic use of all the powers of the Charter and all the machinery of the United Nations to speed up the development of international law towards an eventual enforceable world law for a universal world society."

After talks regarding this memorandum in Washington, London, and Paris, Mr. Lie flew to Moscow, where he met with Stalin, Molotov, and Vishinsky on May 15, 1950. The description of that meeting published here is excerpted from "In the Cause of Peace," by special arrangement with author and publisher.



Trygve Lie's farewell to President Truman and Byron Price before journey to Moscow.

By TRYGVE LIE

IT WAS long since Generalissimo Stalin had received any Western diplomat; and I had not seen him since 1946. He was already in the room, with Messrs. Molotov and Vyshinsky, when I was ushered in. As we shook hands I noted that the Soviet leader, then seventy, appeared to have aged a little in the four years; but he still gave the old impression of robust vigor.

Stalin was the first to speak. He welcomed me and said he took it for granted that I had no objection to the presence of Mr. Molotov as an expert in United Nations affairs. I replied that I was pleased to have him included, for I had previously expressed the wish to see him, and it

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AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER: The shortest distance between Rugldalen Röros, Norway, which is where Trygve Lie has been spending the last few months, and United Nations, N. Y., which is where he served as Secretary-General between 1946 and 1953, is Miss Guri Lie, the diplomat's cheerful blonde daughter who has been living on her own in Manhattan ever since Mr. Lie left for home. Father and daughter are constantly swapping communiques—he telling her all about his new career as a writer-lecturer (he'll be here next month for a lecture tour on "How to Meet the Challenge of Our Times"), she telling him all about her new career as a lecturer on "Diplomat's Daughter" (she made ten appearances last spring, is down for twenty-five next fall). Anyway, Miss Lie, who sentimentally lives in a building 150 yards from the U.N. and 4,002 miles from Rugldalen Röros, spent a recent afternoon detailing just what Mr. Lie is up to these days. "Papa," she began, "is writing a book reviewing his pre-U.N. career. He is staying in a teeney-weeney village in the Röros Mountains, and working in a lodge given to him on his fiftieth birthday, in 1946, as a gift from the people of Norway." Miss Lie said she was happy that her father, who had spent eleven years in Norway's Cabinet before being elected S.-G., was at last free from governmental and global responsibilities; a few sentences later it turned out that she had played a part—a bit part, but a part, all right—in Mr. Lie's U.N. exit. "I typed my father's resignation speech," she confessed proudly. "It was on a Sunday, November 9, 1952, at our home in Forest Hills. Nobody was supposed to know about it, so I did the typing. It was very exciting." Both the U.N. and Mr. Lie figure heavily in Miss Lie's lectures. "I had my biggest lecture thrill last May," she reminisced. "Someone in the audience asked me, 'Why do you think the U.N. has proved to be more successful than the League of Nations?' 'Maybe I'm a prejudiced daughter,' I replied, 'but I think it's all due to my father's work.' I got wonderful applause."

—Bernard Kalb.

suited me very well to be able to combine the two meetings.

With the formalities thus in order, I proceeded, admitting that it was with some emotion that I sat down to speak with the Generalissimo and with his closest associates: "Aside from being the leader of a nation of 200,000,000 you also enjoy an influence in countries with altogether more than 800,000,000 inhabitants, and you and your associates, through your common ideas, influence many millions more in other lands. I, for my part, am undertaking a one-man peace mission. I do not represent any special government, but am making this trip as Secretary-General of the United Nations."

The words spoken were translated without eliciting any comment, and I could discern no indication either of approval or of displeasure. I therefore continued according to plan, extending my congratulations on the progress I had witnessed in the USSR:

"I have been in Moscow five times now, in 1921, 1934, 1944, 1946, and 1950. It has thus been twenty-nine years since I first visited the Soviet Union. This is a good portion of a lifetime, and much has taken place in the course of these years." When this was translated Molotov, for the first time, nodded approvingly to Stalin, who also seemed interested. "I have never been a Communist, but I have always tried to take an objective stand where the Soviet Union is concerned. So it is as an objective observer that I am able to congratulate you on the progress made by the Russian people between my first visit and this present one—especially since the years 1944 and 1946. I have been struck by the way in which so many streets and houses have been repaired, and how others are building. A walk or drive through the streets is enough to show how much better dressed the people are now." I had been impressed by the number of new trams, cars, and buses now traversing Moscow's streets, and I could not remember ever having seen such quantities of meat, bread, and other commodities in the Moscow stores and shops. "Perhaps the time has come now," I suggested, "for an easing of entry restrictions so that visitors from other countries can see this progress with their own eyes. After all, a nation that has grown strong, thanks to its own initiative and its own hard work, does not lose prestige by resorting to a milder approach. Compromise can often reflect increased strength."

PAVLOV translated these remarks without arousing any visible reaction on the other side of the table, and so I carried on into the first item on my agenda: a possible meeting of the heads of government.

I had mentioned this possibility to President Truman on April 20, and I recalled that conversation now: "President Truman assured me that he would always welcome Generalissimo Stalin in Washington, and that he would be willing to do whatever he could to arrange his transportation both ways; the best American battleship would be placed at his disposal." I felt I betrayed no confidence in recalling the President's assertion that he liked Generalissimo Stalin personally, and that at Potsdam he had been prepared to offer six billion dollars for the rebuilding of the Soviet Union. On the other hand, I was equally bound to report that Mr. Truman had never forgotten the lack of response from the Soviet side. I quoted his saying that he had received a "slap in the face," and remarked that in 1945 someone—I knew not who—had so offended the President that he might never sit down for another meeting with the Soviet leaders unless they were willing to come to the United States first. "It would seem to me," I observed, "that Washington might not be the best place for such a meeting. There might be other places in the United States—Key West, for example—which could offer the security and privacy needed. Or there might be a meeting somewhere in the Atlantic or the Pacific," I continued, recalling the first Churchill-Roosevelt meeting of the last war; "or a neutral country like Sweden or Switzerland might be fitting, or some spot in England, or in France." I closed my remarks on this point by emphasizing that the peole of the entire world were living today in fear of the future and the threat of war. "In my opinion, something has to be done to bring the present deadlock to an end and restore normal, friendly, and peaceful relations."

Stalin was the only man to speak. He had had the same question in mind many times, he began, but with the current situation, with all the questions and difficulties accumulated month after month and year after year, a single meeting of the leaders of these same powers could not bring a satisfactory solution to all the problems within a reasonable length of time. He went on to recall that the leaders were only human beings, after all, and that the difficulties and unsolved questions were so numerous as to require long and careful preparation through the normal diplomatic channels if such a meeting were to produce results. A meeting of the kind I suggested, he finished, was not the

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burning issue in the present situation. And the place for such a meeting was not important.

WITH the exchange of views on the first item completed, I moved on to the crux of my mission, explaining that I had completed a Memorandum of Points for Consideration in the Development of a Twenty-Year Program for Achieving Peace Through the United Nations. Reaching across the table to hand the Memorandum to the Generalissimo, and a copy to Molotov, I added that it was my intention to return to further discussions with the statesmen who had already received it, retracing the route which I had just followed.

"This Memorandum," I explained, "is based upon the statements previously made both by Generalissimo Stalin and President Truman regarding the possibility of peaceful coexistence among the great powers, with their different economic and political systems, and upon the assumption that they evidence a readiness to enter into genuine negotiation."

I placed stress on my view that special or periodic meetings of the Security Council, attended by foreign ministers as proposed in Point One of the memorandum, could be held away from Headquarters in New York, perhaps in rotation in the major capitals. "Geneva, in my opinion, would probably offer the best conditions for a first meeting. Here the Foreign Ministers could meet for luncheons, dinners, and private conversations in a quiet atmosphere. They would have a chance to exchange views and opinions outside the immediate searchlight of the press, which would always be disturbing them more in New York." I concluded by referring again to the document I had just delivered, recalling that Minister of Foreign Affairs Vyshinsky had received his copy—in the Russian language—on Friday the 12th, the first day I had seen him in Moscow. One of the first things I had noted upon sitting down was that both the Generalissimo and Mr. Molotov already had copies of the memorandum spread before them. And I had observed with considerable satisfaction that Stalin had penned remarks in the margin of every page. A long and thorough comment seemed to have been prepared for each paragraph.

I arranged my notes and my arguments as Mr. Pavlov's translation drew to a close. We were now entering into the subject which had brought me on this long journey, and I was resolved not to let a single opportunity pass unused. The Generalissimo was the first to speak. He suggested, however, that Mr. Molotov, being more experienced in United Nations affairs, might open the discussion from the Russian side with an evaluation of my proposals.

Mr. Molotov began in his usual way, in what I took to be rather stilted or bureaucratic language. First, he wanted to make it clear that he had studied the document with great interest. He understood that I was trying to mediate in the present situation. He used the term "mediator" repeatedly in his ensuing remarks. If it was a mediatory suggestion I presented, he said, then he was not satisfied with it; then the memorandum did not conform with its objective, as in his opinion it was "quite one-sided." He went on to remark that several points expressed what he called the "American" or "Anglo-American" point of view, and that views forwarded in connection with other questions were decidedly "Americanized." Furthermore, he continued in a critical tone, I had omitted proposals and opinions put forward by representatives of the USSR.

This opening criticism in such blunt terms did not sit well with me. "I am surprised," I rejoined, "that you find reason to accuse me of being one-sided or influenced by the American or Anglo-American point of view. As a non-Communist I could not possibly have written a more objective memorandum aimed at resolving the present situation." I made no effort to conceal the fact that Mr. Molotov's remarks—not to say, accusations—had offended me, and I lost no time in defending my position. "Are not Generalissimo Stalin and Vice Prime Minister Molotov aware of the criticism that has been showered on me by newspapers in America," I returned, "how they have labeled me a 'Stalin agent,' 'pro-Communist,' etc., and have demanded that I be 'summarily dismissed'?"

BUT Mr. Molotov was too wound up to stop for these protests. He went on to maintain that I had also tried to meet American demands by suggesting under Point One that "use of the veto" and "veto restrictions" be taken up for study and discussions. This suggestion, he asserted, was "against the interests of the USSR and favors those of the United States." I rejoined that the "Little Assembly"—the committee of all Members meeting between sessions, from which the Russians absented themselves—was already dealing with the matter, and also that an article in the Charter stipulated consideration of its revision in 1955. "When writing this Memorandum," I continued, "I was of a mind that it would be better were discussions and studies on this question to take place privately, at first, among the great-power members of the Security Council. In my opinion, no organ would be better suited for such study and discussion than the Security Council itself." I made clear my opinion that this question of the veto and veto restrictions could not be omitted. "Sooner or later," I said,

(*Continued on page* 38)

—*Sovfoto*

Modern Moscow (Mokhovaya Street)—"Mr. Molotov was too wound up to stop . . ."

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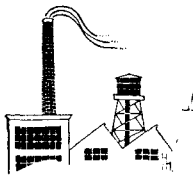


AMERICAN LABOR AND THE BOOK

By MARK STARR, *Educational Director, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union—AFL.*

LAST spring I asked the heads of thirty labor unions to answer some questions about their reading. The replies, coming from leaders in unaffiliated unions, and in unions of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations, suggest some interesting conclusions about the influence of literature on the active agents of social change. The questions were:

1) *What book or books (fictional or otherwise) influenced your life work and helped you to realize the importance of the labor movement? Were books unavailable in your early days?*

2) *What book or books would you suggest to the young high-school student in the year 1954 which, in your opinion, would inform and inspire him about the practices and principles of the organized labor movement?*

William Green.

The pattern of response to these questions reminds us that literature is closely connected with leisure. Most of the top labor leaders of the United States became active in the labor movement fifty years ago when the thirty-five-hour week was a dream, and when schooling and libraries were not so available as now. Most of them read only newspapers and their trade-union journals. A much different response might be expected if a survey is made, say, in 1965 or 1975.

Then, too, most labor leaders have much more need for acquaintance with men than with manuscripts. The great majority of them have actually worked in their trade. This means that they have risen from the ranks. They had to earn their livings, and in most cases they did not have even high-school education. Most of them were engrossed in voluntary union-organizing long before they became paid trade-union officers. The demands which trade unions make upon their leaders leave all too little time for reading. And as with politicians, the power to speak is most important.

If we investigate the reading habits of labor leaders of the past, we find that Terence V. Powderly, the head of the Knights of Labor, refers to the old New York *Ledger*, but mentions no books at all in his autobiography, "The Path I Trod." The only definite mention of a book in Samuel Gompers's life story is the Talmud, which he studied in Hebrew as a child. The New York City lectures and debates at the Ethical Society and, more importantly, at Cooper Union are stressed by Gompers as important factors in his maturation.

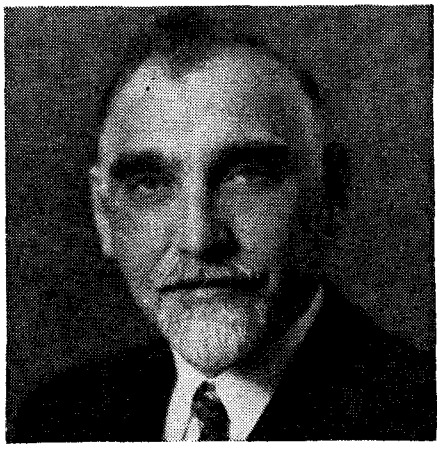
Most labor leaders mention the deep intellect of Gompers when they try to recall union history. His personality, according to friend and foe alike, made him the biggest single figure in the development of the American labor movement, and the intellect that dominated that personality was trained in a most unusual way during Gompers's days as a cigarmaker. Long before the jukebox and the radio provided workshops with music the undisturbed cigarmakers, rolling their cigars by hand, used to pay one of their number to read aloud to them. Gompers served as a reader, which was a tribute to his knowledge and reading skill. Although no lists of those readings have survived, it is safe to say that they included the great books of philosophy and economics which dealt with the social struggles of the nineteenth century.

Nor is any detailed information available about the books read by William Green, who succeeded Gompers as president of the AFL. His biography reports that after graduation in a one-room school at Coshocton, Ohio, he followed his father into the mines at sixteen years of age but "he early developed a hunger for books." He studied for the ministry until his marriage at twenty-two, and lack of money to pursue his schooling made him resigned to a miner's life.

In addition to his Talmudic studies,

Dave Beck.

Walter P. Reuther.



Jacob S. Potofsky.

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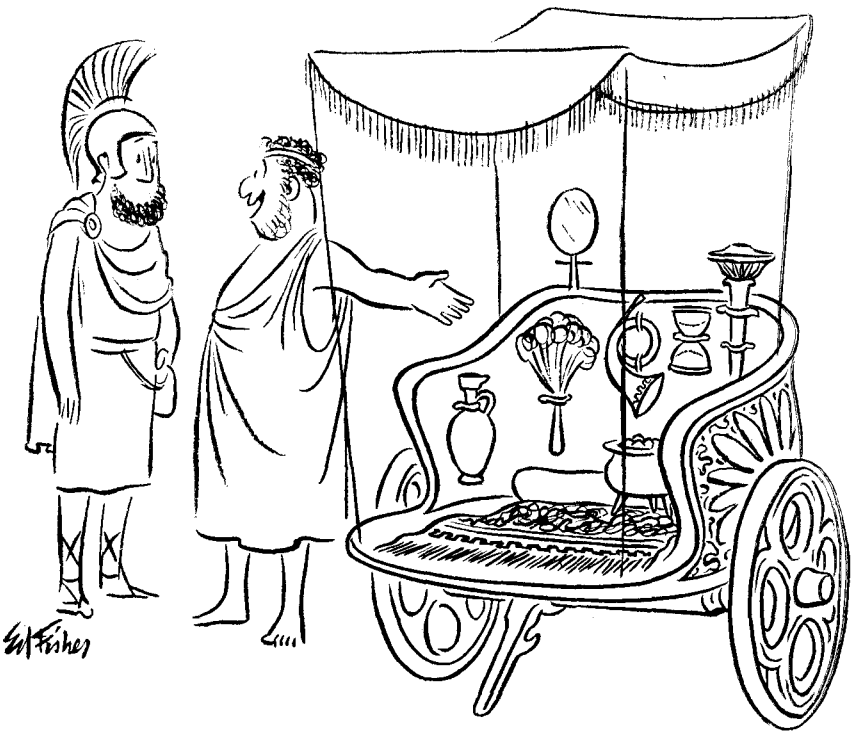
the late Sidney Hillman is said to have read "Capital" and other Marxist writings. Philip Murray took correspondence courses in mathematics and economics, and must surely have spent some time acquainting himself with the great Labor Encyclical, "Rerum Novarum," of Pope Leo XII.

MOST of the leaders in the needle trades in New York City and in the large metropolitan areas trace their early beliefs to participation in various radical movements rather than to direct reading or study. David Dubinsky, for instance, acknowledges the inspiration and information which he received from such social-democratic intellectuals as Morris Hillquit, Charney Vladeck, and Louis Boudin, who were brought in to conduct educational talks in classes set up by the unions themselves. The needle-trades leaders read in the main the literature of social protest because it agreed with their own indignation provoked by the early sweatshops.

David Beck, now leading the huge Teamsters' Union of over one million members, ranging from diaper and milk delivery drivers to the drivers of the burial hearse, did not finish high school, but as an adult took extension courses at the University of Washington in the years 1920-1928. "I read the autobiography of every successful man I could get my hands on," declared Mr. Beck.

George Meany, president of the American Federation of Labor, had only one year in high school. At sixteen he was an apprentice plumber. Five years later he had qualified as a journeyman and at twenty-five years of age he was elected to his first union office. In 1934 he became president of the New York State Federation-AFL, and five years later he was appointed as the secretary-treasurer of the AFL itself, of which he became president in 1953. Meany has had a nodding acquaintance with the books

David J. McDonald.



"Of course, if you want immediate delivery we can let you have this deluxe model, with a few accessories, for only 600 drachmae over the list price."

and teaching of men and women like Norman Thomas and Angelica Balabanov, but they cannot be said to have been of great influence in his life. His reply to the questions indicates that he is primarily a graduate of the School of Hard Knocks. "No book influenced me," he says, "to reach the conclusion that the Labor Movement was important not only to workers . . . but to the nation itself."

This practical background is vividly reflected in the statement given by H. A. Bradley, president of the International Chemical Workers' Union-AFL. He points out that his unionism came not from books but from his experiences as a participant at the age of fifteen in a strike that was broken, and his discovery that he had been placed on a blacklist in Detroit when he was eighteen because he had joined a union. During that year he was ridden down by mounted police for the "crime" of hanging around the factory offices looking for work, and was one of the hundreds who had the fire hose turned on them on a sub-zero day in March, at the Ford factory in Highland Park, Michigan. "These," he says, "were the 'books' that determined my career and my future in the labor movement."

Walter Reuther, president of the CIO, comes from the newer auto industry: "It is a difficult task for me," says Mr. Reuther, "to try to list the books which most influenced me in my youth and the list I submit here is very incomplete, though representative. It includes: 'The History of Great American Fortunes,' by Gustavus Myers. 'The Rise of American Civilization,' by Charles and Mary Beard. 'The History of Labor in the United States,' by John R. Commons. The works of Thomas Paine. 'The Jungle' and 'The Cry for Justice,' by Upton Sinclair.

"In recommending several books to young people today, my nominations are limited to a few volumes dealing with subjects of immediate and urgent importance. . . . I am extremely concerned about the condition of civil rights and civil liberties in America and about our relations with the other peoples of our world—particularly with the Asian and other peoples of color who constitute a majority of our world population." Mr. Reuther then recommends these books that bear on those problems: "Ambassador's Report," by Chester Bowles. "But We Were Born Free," by Elmer Davis. "The Age of Suspicion," by James Wechsler. "The Major Campaign Speeches of Adlai Stevenson." "Being an American" and "North from Malaya," by William O. Douglas.

MR. REUTHER is also concerned that young people should learn of the great development of the labor movement in America in the middle and late Thirties. He recommends two books on this subject, "I Break Strikes" and "Labor on the March," by Edward Levinson, available in any well-stocked library.

Mathew Woll, first vice president

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Tsamba, Tibet, and Syphilis

"Journey with Loshay," by George N. Patterson *(W. W. Norton. 248 pp. $3.75), is a report by a Scottish medical missionary on what he saw, smelled, ate, and thought during a perilous mid-winter journey across Tibet to India. Nicol Smith, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Golden Doorway to Tibet."*

By Nicol Smith

THOSE of us who have traveled in the Tibetan border lands can only marvel at the intrepidity of George N. Patterson. For it takes courage—perhaps the word is foolhardiness—to venture across Tibet in mid-winter. Yet that is what Patterson did, and he gives a remarkable report on his most remarkable expedition in a new book, "Journey with Loshay."

A widely traveled, adventurous Scot, Patterson had spent several years as a medical missionary on the eastern borders of Tibet, some forty miles southeast of Batang, before attempting this three-hundred-mile trek to Sadiyah in Northern Assam. This early period of indoctrination, if nothing else, should have assured him that a mid-winter caravan journey southward over a relatively unknown route was the height of foolishness.

As the Khambas, his wild Tibetan porters, are packing the saddle bags for the start of the journey, one knows that the lonely traveler shares the reader's misgivings as to the good sense of his undertaking. Yet it must be done. The time is 1950, the beginning of a very difficult year along the Western China frontier. The Communist advance into Tibet has seriously threatened his medical supplies. A foray into India is needed to replenish them.

Patterson, however, instinctively knew that if anyone could succeed in reaching India overland through Tibet, he would be that person. He was perfectly contented to travel mile after mile on a diet of tsamba and dried meat, a colorless diet which is the Tibetan national fare. Two months without a bath was no hardship for this intrepid Scot. And as for eggs, he could take them or leave them. When he could get them, a half dozen at a sitting was frequently only a start.

There is no question that being a medical missionary made his journey easier than it would have been for an ordinary traveler. Yet since this was about the most difficult journey I have ever heard described, the difference to be found lay only between the impossible and the nearly impossible.

An example of the advantage of being a medical missionary may be cited on the occasion of his visit to the garrison town of Gartok. Markam Gartok, as it is locally known, is the home of the Government troops in Southeast Tibet. Here he was the guest of Dege Sey, the highest ranking Tibetan official he was to meet on the journey. Before starting for India, Patterson had been advised to carry some syphilis injections with him, as the incidence of syphilis was very high, particularly among Tibetan soldiers. Some authorities put the figure as high as 90 per cent.

Prepared in advance, the Scottish missionary traveled with a more than adequate supply of neoarsphenamine and maphenchlorsine, a Chinese preparation. He mentioned this to Dege Sey upon his arrival in Gartok and shortly afterwards offered to treat the local Tibetans without charge in return for the hospitality which he had immediately received. The offer was accepted. Several hundred Tibetans soon lined up for the injections.

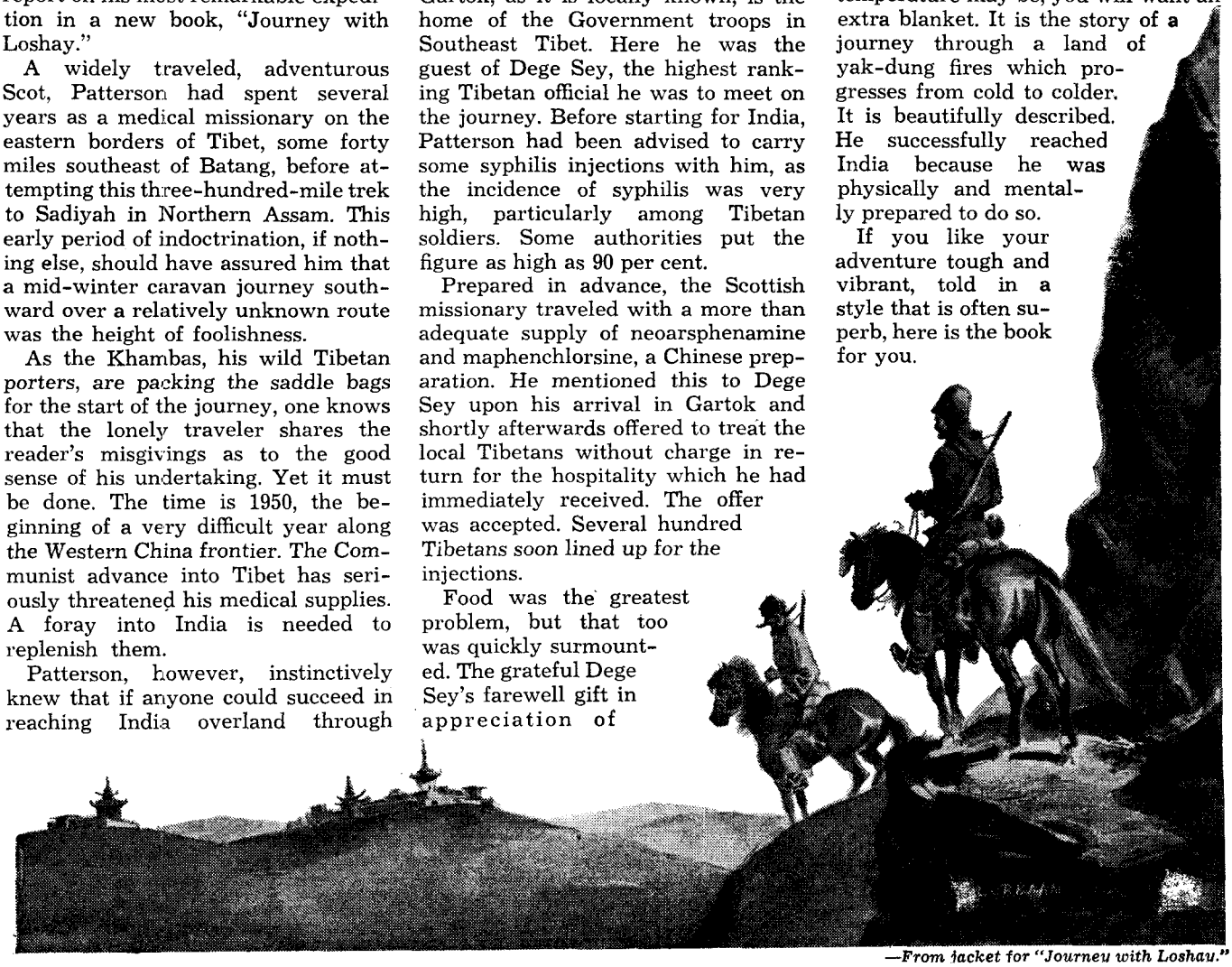
Food was the greatest problem, but that too was quickly surmounted. The grateful Dege Sey's farewell gift in appreciation of medical services rendered was adequate supplies of flour, butter, tsamba, cheese, dried fruits, walnuts, dried meat, and tea.

But most important, Dege Sey gave Patterson an authorization with his passport to use "ulag" on the trail all the time he was on Tibetan-governed territory. This is a system by which each village or group is taxed in Tibet by being called upon to provide sufficient animals for officials to travel from stage to stage on their journey.

THE Loshay referred to in the book's title was Patterson's personal servant. He was the one Tibetan who would continue for the entire journey right through to Calcutta. His personality develops as the narrative unfolds and emerges after some two hundred pages into an unexpectedly interesting figure. The Tibetan official, Dege Sey, however, was the most colorful individual encountered on the journey.

This book is the story of what Patterson saw, smelled, ate, and thought as he traveled southward through Eastern Tibet along the borders of Yunnan. If you read "Journey with Loshay" in bed, no matter what the temperature may be, you will want an extra blanket. It is the story of a journey through a land of yak-dung fires which progresses from cold to colder. It is beautifully described. He successfully reached India because he was physically and mentally prepared to do so.

If you like your adventure tough and vibrant, told in a style that is often superb, here is the book for you.



—From jacket for "Journey with Loshay."

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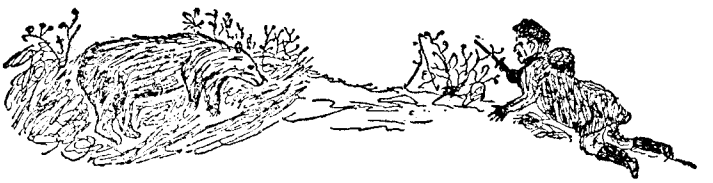
Raven Lake's Few

"Nunamiut: Among Alaska's Inland Eskimos," by Helge Ingstad *(W. W. Norton. 303 pp. $3.95), is a handsomely illustrated report on a remote and anthropologically significant tribe.*



—From Nunamiut."

Eskimo drawing of hunter creeping up on grizzly bear.

By Raymond Holden

IN THE central portion of that great and little-known range of Alaskan mountains which stretches from the Canadian border to Cape Lisburne, lies Anaktuvuk Pass. The Anaktuvuk River carries the snow waters of the Brooks Range northward, by way of the Colville River, some two hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean. Southward the John River joins the Alatna and the Koyokuk to swell the great Yukon, reaching the Bering Sea hundreds of miles to the southwest, below Norton Sound.

To Anaktuvuk Pass, Helge Ingstad went unannounced, by plane, to join a small colony of almost unknown people who had been reported to live there. What was remarkable about the Nunamiuts was that they were Eskimos, yet they lived apart from other Eskimos, without recourse to that great source of Eskimo economy, the sea. This separation suggested the possibility of a connection with the remote past before the civilization of the people of the Arctic had become diluted and debased by white infiltration.

Mr. Ingstad, a Norwegian anthropologist, discovered, to his great delight, that there was such a connection. The Nunamiuts, less than a hundred in number when he arrived at their Raven Lake camp in the fall of 1949, were an isolated group, physically and culturally different from their seacoast relatives. True, they hunt with rifles, no longer with bow and arrow, but they have retained to a great degree the manners and customs, the beliefs, the simplicity of character, and to a large extent the implements and dress, of their ancestors.

They seem to average an inch or so more in height than the Eskimos of the Beaufort Sea or Kotzebue Sound and the chief item of their economy is the caribou rather than the seal. They are necessarily nomadic, since they must live where the caribou are, and caribou are among the world's most noted wanderers. The life of these primitive hunters is hard, but it is gay and friendly. They seem to be full of laughter and good will. They are skilful with their hands and extremely musical. They are not communistic, for they have definite ideas of personal wealth—although the articles of wealth may be nothing more than caribou skins and fat—but they live by mutual aid. Wealth or no wealth, the means of living are shared.

MR. INGSTAD's book, "Nunamiut: Among Alaska's Inland Eskimos," is a fascinating record of a full and revealing year as the only white man in this primitive community. He lived as the Nunamiuts lived, with the exception of the fact that, having no wife with him to gather fuel and prepare his meat and skins, he probably worked harder than most of his male neighbors. His story, although it suffers somewhat from being in between adventure narrative and anthropological report, is a revealing portrait of a type of life which cannot long maintain itself. Already the long and lethal arm of white civilization is beginning to reach toward Anaktuvuk Pass. Hunters must barter skins for cartridges, and over the bridge by which such trade is carried on, even though it be an airplane, pass things which are neither skins nor cartridges —diseases and ideas, wants and envies which can have no place in a simple life.

What Mr. Ingstad tells us of the Nunamiuts he tells with no attempt at dramatic emphasis or exaggeration, yet the drama is there, and it is essentially tragic. Vilhjamur Stefansson's report on the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf was more important from an anthropological and literary point of view, but we are glad to learn, before they vanish into oblivion, of the people of Raven Lake. Not the least of what we learn of them comes from Mr. Ingstad's excellent photographs.

Bear impales itself on lance.

Rome in Turkey

"Travel Into Yesterday," by Mary Gough *(Doubleday. 305 pp. $4.50), is an account of the four years the author spent in Cilicia, Southern Turkey, with her archeologist husband. Here it is reviewed by Linda Braidwood, who told about her experiences with her archeologist husband in "Digging Beyond the Tigris."*

By Linda Braidwood

TO THE educated American the Turkey of fezzes, harems, sultans, and Armenian massacres is a thing of the past. One thinks now of the Turks of the magnificent battalion in Korea and of the country with the only really functioning two-party political system east of the English channel.

It would be best if we could call on these new neighbors and get acquainted at first hand. But since we can't all call on them personally, the next best thing is to become better acquainted with them and their ways through the eyes of other travelers.

This is where Mary Gough does us a really definite service with her "Travel Into Yesterday," an enjoyable book that in manner of approach lies about midway between Pamela Burr's "My Turkish Adventure" and Willie Snow Ethridge's "Let's Talk Turkey."

Mrs. Gough takes us to Cilicia, a small area in Southern Turkey, where she and her husband—Michael Gough, a classical archeologist from the University of Edinburgh—record and measure Roman monuments that are still observable. Archeology plays an important but relatively small part in the book; it admirably sets the background for the Goughs' activities. Mrs. Gough, though not an archeologist, sounds like an ideal field hand, for she is a draftsman. Her book reveals that she has other qualities essential in archeological work: a sense of humor and a discerning eye.

Each chapter of the book deals with a different site at which the Goughs

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worked or of necessity visited. Since these sites were revisited and the work continued on and off over four or five years—from 1949 on—the fortunate result is that this is more than a "first impressions" travel book. Mrs. Gough describes with affectionate familiarity these "second" homes—ranging from tent to simple hotel accommodations—the advantages and drawbacks of their picturesque settings, their neighbors, and a variety of people who helped them in their work.

For the most part the people described are the little-educated small farmers and artisans—honest, direct, and likable—who form the backbone of the country. She shared amusing incidents of day-to-day living—incidents made more amusing by the complications that beset foreigners living and working away from home. Maps, a short historical note by Michael Gough, and photographs showing various sights in the towns visited and people described in the book, nicely round out the account.

One reads another person's description of familiar places with a certain reluctance and yet a great fascination. I found Mrs. Gough's account most sympathetic; it revived welcome memories. I was amused by differences in archeological viewpoints. For Mrs. Gough archeology begins with the Romans—in visiting archeological sites, anything earlier (except for an occasional Greek monument) is ignored.

There is one point that I wish Mrs. Gough had emphasized for her American audience. This concerns the large-scale road building program that is being carried out with American aid-to-Turkey funds. She mentions the overwhelming resultant changes taking place in Turkey; but does not directly mention the many capable American engineers who were sent out to plan the road layout and supervise the program, spending years on the work. The engineers my husband and I met were outstanding men. They deserve the thanks of the United States for the part they have played in personifying Americans and American ways throughout the entire Turkish countryside while doing an excellent job on the roads.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

QUEENLY QUOTES

After "Kingly Quotes" (*SR* November 14, 1953) it was inevitable that "Queenly Quotes" follow. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name the royal Shakespearean ladies whose utterances are presented below. Allowing ten points for each character you can identify, a score of sixty is expected, seventy is respected, and eighty or better is spectacular. Answers on page 31.

1. Be brief, I pray you:
   If the king come I shall incur I know not
   How much of his displeasure.
2. Would I had never trod this English earth,
   Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
3. The Emperor of Russia was my father;
   O that he were alive, and here beholding
   His daughter's trial!
4. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
   And I will be revenged on them all.
5. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
   And duty in his service perishing.
6. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
   this little hand.
7. The lady protests too much, methinks.
8. My salad days,
   When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
   To say as I said then!
9. Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
   I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
10. Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
    Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Baptism in the Bush

PADRE TO THE SAVAGES: Father André Dupeyrat, author of **"Savage Papua"** (translated by Erik and Denyse de Maury. Dutton, $3.75), a new book on one of the earliest cultures extant, is an old-timer in New Guinea. He arrived there in 1930 and remained there for twenty-five years, so we may take what he has to say as "true fella." His parish lay inland from Yule Island about seventy miles north-northwest of Port Moresby in country where the mountains are precipitous and the native trails go straight as sight with no regard for foothold terrain. Nights are bitterly cold and wet and the hazards to life and health are omnipresent. To call on his converts in widely scattered villages the Padre walked. And walked.

Father Dupeyrat has a guardian angel and he gets into and safely out of so many harrowing situations one can only conclude it is by special grace. In fact, the Father's belief in Christian miracles makes him unusually predisposed toward a sober regard for the primitive kind, commonly called magic. As, for example, when a sorcerer whose physical presence in another village five hours distant was later confirmed, appeared one night on the clumping feet of a cassowary, a large non-flying bird. The author leaves us hanging on this one. Then there is his own miracle of removing an eight- or ten-inch section from the infected front leg bone of a native, to have him, twenty-five years later, running lippity-lip "like a hare."

For those who like their gore fresh "Savage Papua" lives up to its title. Cannibal feasts are in the oven and the appearance of a charred human arm launches passages of barbarity imaginatively enough described to have been personal experience. There is also plenty of encyclopedic information, unavoidable background for the subject, but much is painlessly introduced as conversation.

As an outsider, one wishes that the author had given us even more details of the machinery of conversion, that business of making believers in anything so abstract as Christianity out of people with Stone-Age attitudes. Yet the practical is achieved, if not the ideal: white men, including old-timers, can now tread safely where they never did before because of Father Dupeyrat and his kind. Today the raiding Fuyughés are living in peace next door to the raiding Kunis. We barbarians in civilization could use some of their magic.

—Caroline Mytinger.

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Number One Sitwell

"Four Continents," by Osbert Sitwell *(Harper. 282 pp. $4), is a volume of rambling observations on life as seen by a distinguished literary artist from a hotel in Amalfi and from other spots in the Old World and New. W. T. Scott, who reviews it below, is former literary editor of the* Providence Journal.

By W. T. Scott

SIR GEORGE SITWELL, who in his son Osbert's autobiographical volumes has become one of the great eccentric characters in English literature, makes a few momentary appearances in "The Four Continents." (It seems likely Sir Osbert is as possessed by his father—whom, in a sense, he has created—as a Galsworthy by the Forsytes or a Conan Doyle by Sherlock Holmes.) The appearances, as always, are gratifying. In one of them it is revealed, simply, that Sir George was in the habit on any inclement day of pacing one of the long rooms at his Italian castle, Montegufoni; and that he used to say, "with a large air" as his son observes, "Everyone should have a gallery to walk in in wet weather."

It occurs to me that for the astonishingly large number of us who own no gallery there is a kind of book which as pleasurably serves the purpose: the kind in which a discursive, civilized, much-traveled author exhibits all sorts of things, amusing or instructive, and keeps us both wandering and entertained by what is in fact a reproduction of excellent talk. "The Four Continents" is a splendid example of what I mean; "more discursions," as Sir Osbert subtitles it, "on travel, art, and life." But that hardly encompasses the variety.

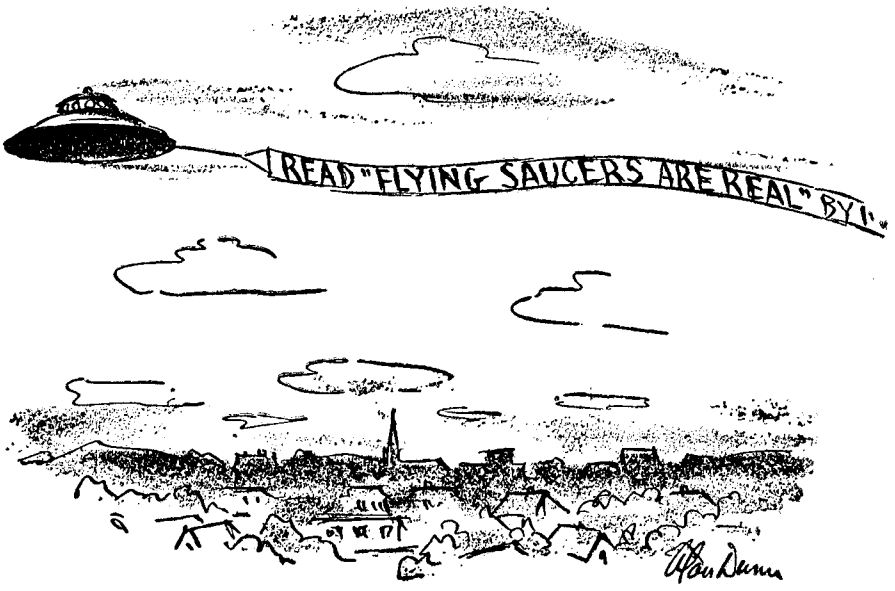
Sir Osbert's tireless curiosity is matched by his appreciative discernment. Whether he calls up recollections of Europe, Asia, Africa, or the Americas, he is likely amongst what is typical and revealing to call up the odd, the little-observed—and therein is the bouquet of his mixture. So this book gracefully mingles (to cite a few instances) magnificent descriptions of the elements and also of New York skyscrapers, mighty materialisms by day and personifications of giant dreams illuminated in the winter dusk; it tells of the tombs of the Chinese emperors and of the animals at the Ringling Brothers's winter quarters in Sarasota; habits of magicians and phrenologists are considered, and so is the inefficacy of great walls such as that in China, the other around Constantinople, the Roman in England, and the Maginot Line. Sir Osbert is also interested in the likelihood of flight to the moon, in towers (all kinds), in bells (all kinds), in the language and solemn machinations of a dark-hued chambermaid named Euphrosyne at his hotel in Cristobal, and in the extraordinary conversational results attained by a girl at Corfu, who pronounced the letter "s" as "f."

IN SHORT, what we have here is the familiar essay long drawn out; and such a book reads so easily one is liable to forget that only in the hands of a long-practised craftsman can such meandering be indeed really ordered—have shape, style, and distinction. To begin with, the reader may expect a stricter pattern than the book has. Most of the early chapters take off from the sun-filled, white room at the Amalfi hotel where Sir Osbert over the years has done a great deal of his writing; and I thought—and still think this would have been pleasant—that the Amalfi room might be held as the center of the book, the rest spiraling out from it and back to it somewhat in Ford Madox Ford's manner of reminiscence. Nevertheless, a sense of time and seasons, of change and dissolution, of what is perishable in mankind and of what is persistent in the natural world, all builds to a frame within which the ingratiating author unifies his multiple entertainments. Even a bitterly satirical fantasy on the discovery of Hitler alive is woven into one chapter without discordance.

Sensibility is an absolute necessity for the accomplishment of the kind of writing "The Four Continents" represents, and this passage about a rainy day in Pompeii illustrates Sir Osbert Sitwell's:

"No, the rain today (for we had never before seen the suffocated pleasure-resort under these conditions) made a much greater difference to the look of the place than the passage of such crucial events and years had effected. The rain still swung its curtains—indeed they were thicker than ever—but it seemed unexpectedly to impart to the streets an appearance of having a life of their own, to invest them with a new —or an old—reality. They exhaled now a sense of continuity. All towns tend to be empty of people when it rains, so that this void could be accounted for in terms of everyday life without the impress of disaster. Down the channels cut so long ago in the rain-colored tufa the water ran gurgling as it had gurgled when the houses were inhabited, and even when one entered a low pavilion, reconstituted in the latest excavatorial fashion, the noise of the rain drumming on every stone surface in the open atrium encouraged the visitor to feel that little had altered since the first day of the discovery of Pompeii or, as for that, since the day of its interment."

As I say: a nice book to walk in in the world's weather.



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A British Roman

"The Remarkable Young Man," by Cecil Roberts *(Macmillan. 272 pp. $3.50), is the biography of a young friend of Keats, Joseph Severn, and the fabulous world through which he moved in Rome of the 1820s.*

By Lewis Vogler

IN 1820 upper-crust Rome lived in a strange frenzy of prosperity. As in the heyday of the Grand Tour, English milords with huge, untaxed incomes and retinues of servants arrived daily in great coaches. Great ladies in villas vied in providing entertainment for the cardinals, the Caetanis, and the Borgheses—and now, of course, the Bonapartes and the Bourbons—who occupied its *palazzos*. Pinchbeck nobility drifted in from everywhere. It was a time of balls, routs, extraordinary spectacles, of intrigue, gossip, and *l'amour*. Fortunately for the struggling artists who crowded Rome's studios, it was also a time of patronage—it was almost as fashionable to visit them as the gaming tables.

John Keats arrived in the early winter of that year, seeking only a gentler air than England's, already deep in the foreknowledge of his death. He was accompanied by a promising young art student from Shoreditch, Joseph Severn, a friend who recognized Keats's genius and attended him devotedly to the very end. Joseph Severn is "the remarkable young man" of a crowded, often vivid story by Cecil Roberts, a popular English novelist and romantic connoisseur of the Eternal City.

As the legend of Severn's devotion to the dead poet grew, so did his acquaintance in fashionable circles. Handsome and charming, enthusiastic and sincere, he soon became a protege of Lady Westmorland, an iron-whimed beauty who took most of Rome as her rival. Acquiring patrons, young Severn won the Travel Scholarship of the Royal Academy, began to achieve considerable success as a miniaturist and portrait painter. The author has followed his career for some six or seven years, until the time he married his infuriated benefactress' ward, Elizabeth Montgomerie—an event described as "one of the major scandals of the day." (As Mr. Roberts notes in a postscript, Severn had a long and busy life, achieved many honors, was later consul to Rome, died at the age of eighty-six, when he was buried alongside Keats in its Protestant Cemetery.)

—Jacket for "The Remarkable Young Man."

". . . a time of gossip, *l'amour*."

Actually, "The Remarkable Young Man" seems less the story of Joseph Severn than an attempt to evoke the life of the entire post-Napoleonic *beau monde*.

NEARLY every prominent person of the time, from George Bancroft—a visiting American, along with Joseph Coolidge and George Ticknor—to Madame Recamier is mentioned. The feted sculptor Canova, the great Thorwaldsen, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Princess Jerome Bonaparte, the Duc de Laval-Montmorency, Cardinal Consalvi, the King of Prussia—all jostle through his pages. There goes the carriage of the Duchess Cesarini-Sforza; here is a choice bit of scandal about Napoleon's sister, the wicked Princess Paulina, who keeps a giant blackamoor to carry her to and from the bath. The famous beauty Rosa Bathhurst comes and is drowned on horseback in the swollen Tiber. James Freeborn receives Shelley's ashes for burial; the fierce, venturesome Trelawney follows, the burns still on his hands from having snatched the poet's heart from the pyre. News comes of Byron's death in Missolonghi; we are next made privy to the most recent love affair of his mistress, Teresa Guiccioli. The turbulent Walter Savage Landor—well, and so on.

Many of his vignettes are quite effective (no one is likely to forget the gruesome incident of the *mazzolata*—an execution by hammer of a young man who had supposedly killed a priest); his descriptions of Rome are excellent. "The Remarkable Young Man" is, of course, necessarily superficial. The author has been willing to sacrifice subtlety for sweep, has chosen to give us incident rather than insight. We have to hand it to him, all the same—it can't have been easy to compress the doings of so large an era into so small a volume, or material enough for thirty novels into one.

Dean of Symbolists

"The Haunted Man: A Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe," by Philip Lindsay *(Philosophical Library. 256 pp. $4.75), is a British literary critic's interpretation of his life and work. N. Bryllion Fagin, who reviews it below, is associate professor of English at Johns Hopkins University and author of "The Histrionic Mr. Poe."*

By N. Bryllion Fagin

IN A prefatory note of dedication for his friend Gerald Kersh, Philip Lindsay, author of "The Haunted Man," the latest retelling of the known facts of Poe's life, makes no claim to original research. "Living in England as I do," he explains, "such research would be impossible." He is willing to accept the research done by other biographers, and especially Hervey Allen, Joseph Wood (regrettably printed as "Ward") Krutch, Arthur Hobson Quinn, and Marie Bonaparte. Apparently his own intention is "to find the essential Poe," to dig him out, as it were, from beneath the weight of scholarship, and to present him to the world "as a tortured great man who found the fever called living . . . too crushing for his weak will."

If Mr. Lindsay fails in his admirable intention—and he does, unfortunately, fail—it is precisely because, not having done any original research himself, he too often seems to be unable to distinguish fancy from fact, legend and hearsay from documentary proof, theory and speculation from authentic biography. He leans heavily on Hervey Allen—who himself occasionally indulged in fictional flights—and on Marie Bonaparte, whose "Life and Works of Edgar Allen Poe" is an interesting contribution to psychoanalytic literature but hardly a reliable biography. Mr. Lindsay finds Mr. Krutch's book on Poe "entirely convincing" and takes Dr. Quinn to task for thinking it based on a false theory—that of Poe's presumed sexual impotence—yet Mr. Krutch himself, in a recent review of a Poe book, remarked that his own biography had been "based on an unprovable thesis."

Mr. Lindsay no doubt wishes to do justice to Poe the writer who, because his culture was European—"based on European thought and writing"—received no justice "in a democracy he disliked." The great debt Poe owed to American—particularly Southern—traditional thought is completely overlooked. But even discounting this

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oversight, one is at a loss to understand Mr. Lindsay's critical uncertainties. He is positive enough in his belief that Poe was not a good critic and that his "verse remained mainly adolescent and derivative, good rantic stuff for amateur reciters, but poetically of small value." Yet when he comes to specific works he finds that "To Helen" (the first poem with that title) "approaches pure poetry," that "The Haunted Palace" is "worthy of a place in anthologies," and that his later "To Helen" is "one of his finest poems." This is still a long way from the comments of Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Valéry, and—to add at least one English writer—George Moore, but it does seem to modify the "small value" phrase.

For Mr. Lindsay, Poe's greatness is expressed in his short stories. Such tales as "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher" are "immortal." Yet just what qualities make them great and insure their immortality remain undisclosed. Mr. Lindsay is convinced that Poe's stories are based on "sado-necrophile repressions, together with incest which symbolized his longing to possess a family." Perhaps. But if they are, is this reason enough for accepting them as works of literary art? Poe, Mr. Lindsay notes, was a dipsomaniac and an opium addict, and he was also a "frustrated, tormented creature without a solid background"; assuming that these are statements of fact—and not a repetition of romantic exaggerations—do they constitute an explanation of why Poe was able to create "out of his hell a handful of masterpieces" or why his stories deserve to be called masterpieces?

Mr. Lindsay's style deserves a brief mention. It abounds in such tortured inversions as "stone-hearted would any man have been who could have sent a child from his doors" and in such savorless aphoristic observations as "but women are amoral when they love," "but the young are impulsive," "every writer dreams of becoming famous" . . . What Buffon once said about the relationship between style and the man may not always apply, but one does wonder about the ideal equipment of a biographer, especially the biographer of a literary artist.

Notes

PROUST GUIDEBOOK: In the three decades since Marcel Proust's death his works and life have been the subject of mountains of criticism. The complexity of his art and the shadows of his life have made such intensive probing inevitable. Likewise inevitable has been a large degree of dis-

(*Continued on page 30*)

BUSINESS

Taming the Boom-Bust Cycle

"Determining the Business Outlook," edited by Herbert V. Prochnow *(Harper. 445 pp. $6.50), a volume designed for the general reader, considers some twenty-five factors involved in business forecasting, each of them analyzed by a specialist in the field. Arthur Upgren, who reviews it here, is dean of the Amos Tuck School of Business Administration, Dartmouth College.*

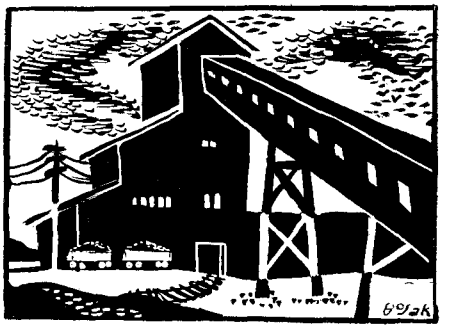
By Arthur Upgren

THE profession of business forecasting had become well established in this country by the late 1920s, but its general failure to predict the Great Depression indicated that it had not come even close to maturity. Attempts at forecasting production, prices, and income levels, like efforts to predict the weather, must assess a highly complex system of variable factors. These factors, as they are understood in 1954, are given a complete and amazingly readable treatment in Herbert V. Prochnow's fine compendium, "Determining the Business Outlook." Its nineteen chapters have been prepared by twenty-five men who are either busy interpreting economics to lay groups or who are economists on the staffs of business firms or private and public institutions. Their essays provide the businessman and the interested layman an excellent survey not only of the ways in which economic information is used in forecasting, but of the entire operation of our economy.

Each chapter is devoted primarily to showing how analysis of a particular phase of the economy—money supply, the level of stocks, bonds, and interest rates, fuels, construction, railroads, wages and employment, business failures—can contribute to the predictions upon which businessmen base their pricing, buying, and production policies, and upon which government agencies base their efforts to stabilize the economy. But this primary concern with methods of forecasting inevitably generates a great deal of practical information on how we Americans, all of us simultaneously producers and consumers, affect each other's welfare by our ways of producing, saving, spending, and investing.

The methods of analysis are not, however, all mechanistic. The layman will be especially pleased to note that the contributors to this book take into account the psychological factors involved in business forecasting. Many attempts based on so-called "key factors," on polls, or on complicated mathematical analysis have failed because they could not predict the psychological dynamics of the consumer. Such a case was the widespread conviction that there would be a slump immediately after World War II. Another important oversight in this field has been the failure to observe and allow for the effects of predictions themselves on the behavior of businessmen and consumers. There will often be a sharp reaction to a prediction of economic recession, with the end result an unforeseen upsurge. This complex but intriguing topic of psychology is covered in the introductory chapter on the importance of business forecasting.

READERS willing to dig a little for what is good will be better rewarded by this book than by any other of its kind now available. The content of half-a-dozen specialized works is encompassed by its series of twenty-page chapters, and this is done without the ponderous air of mystery so characteristic of professional business literature. Most of the contributors have managed to incorporate their analytic material into a style that permits a relatively pleasant osmosis of information. Yet it is not a volume to be lightly undertaken, nor should it be. If its twenty sections were to be read and digested at the rate of one a week the reader would come by a better understanding of the issues, problems, and achievements



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of our time than could be got from twenty books twice as fat.

A reader willing to wade for the first time into the serious problems of economics and of our national housekeeping activities should start with the chapter on gross national products. He should then proceed to the one on money supply, and from there should go to the section on inventories. If he then directs his attention to the chapter on prices, wages, and employment the careful reader will be well on the way to satisfying our national pressure on every man to become his own economist.

When James B. Conant was president of Harvard he stressed the idea that "the scholar's work must have relevance." Scholarship in the field of economics is certainly relevant, but too many of its writers do nothing to demonstrate the fact to laymen. If this book has the success it deserves readers will be encouraged to require relevance in the work of other economists. Its two dozen authors have certainly shown that the requirement can be met.

Industry Built on Thrift

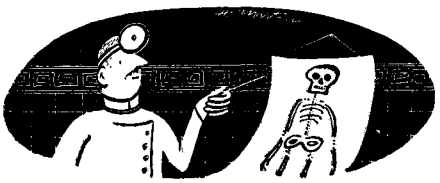
"The American Life Convention," by R. Carlyle Buley *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 2 vols., 1,391 pp. $15), in telling the half-century history of an important trade association, gives also an account of the history of life insurance from Hammurabi's time to the present. Here it is reviewed by J. Owen Stalson, director of the Life Insurance Management Research Center, Columbia University, and author of "Marketing Life Insurance: Its History in America."*

By J. Owen Stalson

AMERICAN businessmen like to know what their competitors are doing. They find out, frequently enough, simply by asking them a few direct questions, knowing that they are likely to get specific, straightforward answers. Our businessmen compete vigorously for patronage one day and then take time out to help each other become stronger antagonists the next day. They advise one another on the use of new equipment, on improvements of method, and on other operating and management matters. Well acquainted, usually as members of a single industry, they close ranks readily when they find themselves challenged by outside interests or by unruly members of their own group. At this point they are likely to formalize their means for quick consultation and prompt joint action by setting up a trade association. Life insurance, an industry even more disposed than most to share ideas and experiences with competitors, supports hundreds of associations. Most are local or regional, but several are national in appeal and membership. Among the leaders in the latter group is the American Life Convention, about whose first half century Professor R. Carlyle Buley has written in a two-volume history, "The American Life Convention: A Study in the History of Life Insurance."

Life insurance trade associations tend to organize along specialist lines —the selling agents and agency managers in the National Association of Life Underwriters, their home office counterparts in the Life Insurance Agency Management Association. The industry's public relations is watched over by the Institute of Life Insurance, its legislative (as well as some tax, legal, and investment) problems get special attention at the Life Insurance Association of America, until recently called the Association of Life Insurance Presidents. Unlike its sister associations, the ALC is a household of related families, with programs for each of several specialist groups in its Legal, Financial, Medical, Agency, and Combination Company Sections.

The ALC, sponsored originally by a few Midwestern companies, all of them opposed to Federal regulation which they feared the large Eastern companies would favor as a means— so one of their officers wrote—for crushing the life out of Western companies, was formed in 1906, a year which began a new era in American life insurance. The country, from Civil War days on, had responded vigorously to new inventions, new products, new industries, wider markets. Competition was rough, tough, and crude, corporate self-interest often unbridled, the public helpless or apathetic. Life company managers, too, had made their bid for big results, at some sacrifice of sound policies and good judgment. The New York Legislature in 1905 decided to look into their affairs and appointed a committee of its members, headed by State Senator Armstrong, to hold public hearings. Charles Evans Hughes acted as counsel for the committee. A sensational press made much of unfavorable disclosures; its headlines implied evil even where proof of it was not forthcoming, and the industry suffered a severe loss of prestige. New York passed remedial legislation in 1906. It imposed restraints on management which have, some believe, strengthened life insurance and other restraints which, according to many, fetter the industry with no accompanying benefits to anyone.



A SLUMP in the industry's business followed the adverse publicity of 1905, but sales soon soared again. The American public, singularly fond of this form of protection and savings, owns more than half of all the life insurance in force in the world. Three out of every four families in this country own some life insurance, more than own any other form of thrift or savings. There are ninety million policyholders among us. They pay premiums on some 230,000,000 policies. This amounts to $9 billion per year. In return they receive roughly $4 billion a year in benefits and dividends, the rest of their premium dollars going mainly to support future commitments on the $304 billion of benefits on outstanding (in force) policies. About $60 billion of that large total ($304 billion) is written on the lives of women, another $45 billion on the lives of children under age fifteen. Our 800 legal reserve life companies hold $79 billion of the country's savings in their portfolios; they employ 350,000 persons, half of them assigned to selling and sales management duties. As a nation we put approximately 4 per cent of our annual income into life insurance premiums (down from about 8 per cent in 1932), yet we have protected our beneficiaries to the extent of but one year's loss of earnings in case of our death.

The activities of the ALC have provided vivid, personal experiences for many life company executives. They will enjoy reading this review of its growth, its meetings, and the speeches they made at those meetings, but the general reader will perhaps have less interest in those

(*Continued on page* 31)

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AMERICANA

The Earthy Genius of Dr. Franklin

"Benjamin Franklin and a Rising People," by Verner W. Crane *(Little, Brown. 219 pp. $3), is a short, critical biography of a fascinatingly many-sided American. J. H. Powell, who reviews it here, is the author of "Richard Rush, Republican Diplomat," and other books.*

By J. H. Powell

THERE is a typographical error in Verner W. Crane's "Benjamin Franklin and a Rising People." It is on page 25, eleven lines up from the bottom. I note it because there is no other defect of any kind. "Phliadelphia" on page 25 is the blemish that enhances perfection.

Three things make this brief volume the finest book on Benjamin Franklin, with the single exception of Carl Van Doren's long biography which appeared in 1938: it is authoritative, with Mr. Crane's immense reservoirs of learning behind every observation; it is precise, sensible, and wise, marred by none of the extravagant admiration so usual in Franklin studies; and it is delightful to read, a charming book which should be handed as a model to all those historians who complain their works do not reach a wide audience.

James Logan described Franklin as a man of good sense and modesty. These are the very qualities Verner Crane exhibits as a biographer. He is a self-effacing chronicler; even in his references he gives credit, too much sometimes, to others. But on every page he asserts his calm and considered judgment. Only readers who have followed Franklin literature carefully over the past twenty years can appreciate how unusual this is. For writers on Franklin, even scholarly writers, have been unrestrained in superlatives. They have called the happy printer of Philadelphia "America's greatest philosopher," "one of the great scientists of all times," "the most universal genius of the New World." Professor Oscar Handlin, in the introduction of this volume, pronounces Franklin "truly the first American." In no sense that I can think of was he the first American, or any of these other things. He was a remarkable human being, and singularly outgoing; he is worth many biographies and much study. But he loses value when he runs away with scholars.

Mr. Crane finds no reason to indulge in careless or casual language. When he does make a comparative judgment it is a careful one, defensible, arguable: "By mid-century the most completely civic man in America was Benjamin Franklin, Printer . . ." Well, whom else would you suggest? Chief Justice William Allen rarely reached below his class, Andrew Hamilton was dead, perhaps Cadwalader Colden—he was a civic genius, a completely civic man. But Colden stood against rather than swam with his time.

The part of Franklin that exacts the most of the biographer is not his amiable brilliance, his variety, or his universal joy in living; these are pleasing to write about. The hard problem is the vulgarity, the commonness he had from the first, and that never deserted him. Franklin's biographer must know and understand the dark reaches of a man's nature. Mr. Crane is superb in portraying the young artisan who could draw up his reasonable science of virtue, and strictly review his life every three months, yet still conduct a base intrigue with his best friend's mistress; whose personal life was never entirely in order, yet who could fall under the pure influence of the quiet Quaker Thomas Denham. His ruthlessness in pursuing wealth, his realistic willingness to qualify his principles, the materialism of "Poor Richard's ledger morality," his earthy and often offensive humor are as much part of Dr. Franklin as the lightning rod, the Gulf Stream, or the Junto.

V. W. Crane—"superb vintage product."

THE wonder of Franklin is not that a man might be vulgar, but that a vulgar man might be so consistently, so tenaciously noble in his mind and heart. In all his long life, Franklin's vulgarity was never strong enough to corrupt him.

I have always thought that Dr. Franklin, for all his political astuteness, failed to comprehend the big constitutional issue of his time—in the Empire, in his Pennsylvania presidency, in the Federal Convention. Van Doren did not persuade me otherwise, but Crane almost does so. Not that he can find in Franklin any deep appreciation of the distributive sovereignty that Adams, Dulany, Dickinson, and Wilson discussed; he can't. But he deals so precisely with the practical Franklin and his view of men and measures that here one realizes the Revolution was not actually a lawyer's revolution in its essence at all, but a whole people's. And Franklin, impatient with the subtleties of sovereignty and home rule, shared more fully than the lawyers in the public spirit of the people. Empirical more than creative in politics, he remained what he had been in trade and in science, a materialist. In this, too, he was the mirror to his age in America.

This little book will not replace Van Doren's big one, but it will join it, as a perceptive, sensitive, intelligent, clever, and clear picture of Franklin. Happily, Verner Crane, now our leading Franklin authority, has given us this superb vintage product just as the huge undertaking of gathering and editing Franklin's papers is commencing. The tasks of the Yale scholars will be easier, and their enjoyment greater, for this book.

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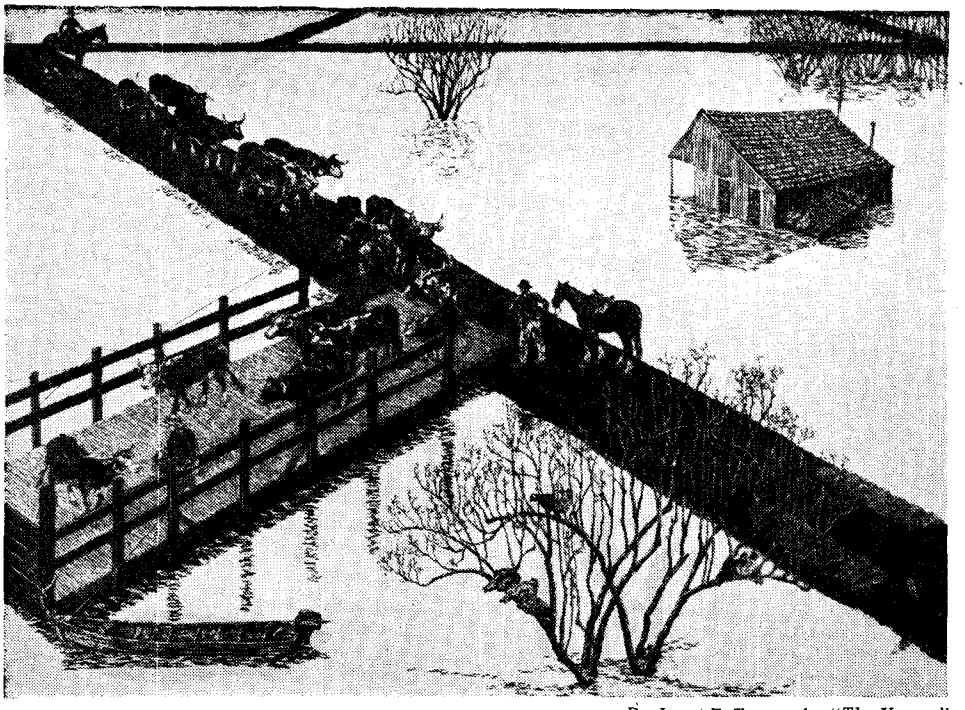

—By Janet E. Turner for "The Yazoo."

". . . a land of lush beauty and stark ugliness, gentle manners and consuming violence."

Land of Good Living

"The Yazoo," by Frank E. Smith *(Rinehart. 362 pp. $4), latest volume in the Rivers of America Series, considers the romantic past and the hopeful present of a section of Mississippi that includes William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County. Here it is reviewed by Bell I. Wiley, professor of history at Emory University, author of "The Plain People of the Confederacy" and other books.*

By Bell I. Wiley

THE writing of a book by a member of Congress is unusual. For a Congressman to produce a volume which is learned, comprehensive, and written in a style that both the scholar and the general reader can enjoy is something to marvel at. But Frank E. Smith, Congressman from Mississippi, has written such a book in "The Yazoo," forty-seventh volume in the Rivers of America Series. His achievement is the more remarkable in view of his stature as one of the most able and diligent young Representatives.

The locale of the book is the country in Northwest Mississippi drained by the Yazoo and its tributaries. It includes the legendary Yoknapatawpha County of William Faulkner, and Faulkner and his writings are the subject of one of the book's most interesting chapters. The area treated extends from Vicksburg on the south to the Tennessee line and embraces the rich land of the Yazoo Delta as well as the thin red soil of the hills.

Frank Smith knows the Yazoo country intimately. He was born in the heart of it, near Greenwood, graduated from "Ole Miss," its principal educational institution, edited the *Greenwood Morning Star,* served his home community as state senator and now represents it in Congress. His college major was history, and he was selling articles to national magazines while fellow students were whooping it up for the Poole boys in the University stadium. All of which helps to explain why his book on the Yazoo is one of the very best in a distinguished series.

The story begins with tomahawks and missionaries and comes on down to diesel-burning tractors and hedge-hopping pilots who dust the cotton fields. The organization is chronological and the approach historical, but the author's interest extends to every aspect of the region's life and culture. His research ranges from musty manuscripts to government reports, and is drawn from folklore and legend. The author has long been a student of the Civil War and his chapters on that subject are especially vivid and informative.

What sort of country is it that Congressman Smith portrays? First, it is a land of a rich and colorful past—of rambunctious savages, pious martyrs, conniving traders, murdering outlaws, sharp-eyed adventurers, spell-binding politicians, and heroic women. It is a land of extremes, of light and shadow—of lush beauty and stark ugliness, gentle manners and consuming violence, boundless riches and grinding poverty, classic erudition and abysmal ignorance, back-breaking toil and light-hearted leisure, rip-roaring evil and hallelujah revivals.

Especially in the Delta section it is a land of good living, unstinted hospitality, and extravagant spending. "Dollars have never been sticky in the Delta," according to the author, "either for planters or tenants." He might have added that Deltans reputedly spend far more for beverages than for books.

It is a land of cotton, dams, and levees. Cotton and floods have been basic influences in conditioning its culture. Largely to them must be attributed the crop-lien system, the wasted land, and the philosophy of living well while the money flows in.

IN A sense it is a land of lost opportunity, for along the Yazoo and its tributaries are to be found some of the most fertile lands in all the world. Yet these garden spots have not developed a high order of culture.

But as the author plainly shows, this is also a land of change and of promise. In recent years effective measures for flood control, land conservation, credit extension, crop diversification, and educational progress have promoted a sounder economy and improved the cultural outlook. Farm mechanization, instead of bringing the ruin so freely predicted in the early stages, has proved a blessing to all concerned. As Mr. Smith puts it: "Human labor has new dignity. The old pattern of exploitation and exportation is breaking up, and the Delta is happy to see it go."

The author may be too optimistic about the future of the Yazoo country. And it is possible that he leaves an unduly favorable impression of some aspects of its past. But he has developed a difficult subject with exceptional skill. His story has unity, movement, and color. It is absorbingly interesting. Last, but not least, it has substance—such as can come only from painstaking study, profound understanding, and honest judgment.

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What? How? Who?

"Harvard Guide to American History," by Oscar Handlin, Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Samuel Eliot Morison, Frederick Merk, Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Jr., and Paul Herman Buck. *(Harvard University Press. 689 pp. $10), is a reference work for all students and writers in the field of American history. It is here reviewed by Samuel Flagg Bemis, co-author with the late Grace Gardner Giffin of the standard "Guide to the Diplomatic History of the United States, 1775-1921."*

By Samuel Flagg Bemis

IN 1912 three distinguished professors of history at Harvard (two of them later Pulitzer Prize winners) published the famous Hart, Channing, and Turner "Guide to the Study and Reading of American History," which served a generation of teachers and students of history throughout the nation. Most of us were brought up on it in our formative years. Now it has become obsolete because of the pullulating mass of historical literature that has piled up in American libraries since then. Nobody can read it all. The only way to bring it under control is by historical organization and cooperation. Today six famous professors at the same university, five of them already possessed of Pulitzer awards, have presented us with a new "Harvard Guide to American History" perfecting and bringing up to date the older, now out-dated publication.

Basically the work is a bibliography. About three-fifths of its pages are devoted to lists of books on American history from 1492-1952, topically and chronologically presented, chapter by chapter, and properly classified therein into categories of general works, special works, and bibliographical aids. Another two-fifths present a description and bibliography of "Materials and Tools" for the study and writing of American history. The smallest section is not the least instructive, the first two chapters which concern the nature of history and practical problems of research and writing. Here the student finds himself under safe and competent guidance insofar as cold print can furnish it. There is much more than cold print—there is get-up and go and inspiration to work.

THE reviewer may be blamed if he cannot discover any serious flaws in this most valuable and important guide which is bound to serve the study and writing of American history for decades to come. Perhaps it is not fair to note the lack of critical commentary for or discrimination among the titles listed in the bibliographical chapters; however useful, such apparatus might have expanded the labor, dimensions, and cost of the book beyond practical limits. But a listing of titles in chronological order of publication rather than in no accountable order, under each topic and in each category, would help to suggest at a glance the historiographical evolution of the subject.

There are those who would not accept the editors' division of historical sources into "two general categories: primary sources, or first-hand testimony; and secondary sources, or descriptions of an event based on primary sources." It is not so simple as that. Rather, an historical source is the trace of an event or an idea more or less close to the event or idea. The editors admit that the line between their two categories is often indistinct.

The index inevitably is a vital part of such a volume. The magnificent 140-page index seems to leave little to be desired.

Every serious student who can possibly afford it must have a copy of this new indispensable "Guide." Maybe it will pay back the high cost of purchase because it suggests where to look for financial grants and aids, that academic manna which falls so fruitfully from the heavenly foundations on the blessed and unblessed.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 585

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 585 will be found in the next issue.

ZLJ IOY KLBI XPJI GY
SL ALI ZNJBI BYY, PAS

IOYA SYZNAY, GY SYZNAY

ZNJBI PAS IOYA BYY.

—GPVIYJ VNXXKPAA.

Answer to No. 584

You grow up the day you have your first real laugh—at yourself.—Ethel Barrymore.

Bats and Balls

"Sports in American Life," by Frederick W. Cozens and Florence S. Stumpf *(University of Chicago Press. 366 pp. $5), is a study of games and recreation in the United States since 1900. Below it is reviewed by John R. Tunis, author of many sport stories and books about tennis.*

By John R. Tunis

AT the outset, I must confess that I am staggered by the effort, labor, and research that went into the composition of Frederick W. Cozens's and Florence S. Stumpf's "Sports in American Life." There can't be any book, magazine, report, article, document, or monograph written on athletics in the past fifty years that the authors have not consulted and digested. As an example of the work involved, they quote among others, Dr. A. A. Brill, Dr. Karl Menninger, Frederick L. Allen, Mrs. Mary R. Beard, John Gunther, D. W. Brogan, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Ortega y Gasset, Margaret Mead, Lewis Mumford, Stanley Woodward, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Wayne Morse, Joyce Cary, and Geoffrey Gorer. There are excerpts from publications ranging from *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post* to the *Industrial Sports Journal* and the *Annals of the American Academy of Political Science.*

For anyone interested in this side of our society—and who isn't?—there are things to be learned on every page. For instance, did you know there is a bowling alley in the White House? That golf equipment makes up 45 per cent of A. G. Spalding's business? That the Civilian Conservation Corps laid the foundation for skiing in the United States? That Biddy Basketball for boys between nine and twelve is growing, and that Iddy-Biddy Basketball for kids between five and eight has been organized? That "advertising artists dealt a death blow to the frail feminine figure clothed in diaphanous robes and veils and popularized in her stead the vivacious, rosy-cheeked athletic girl"?

This is interesting. Trouble is, it

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Escape to the North

***"Swamp Angel," by Ethel Wilson** (Harper. 215 pp. $3), is the story of a young woman who finds balm to soothe a broken marriage among the woods and streams of the Canadian north woods.*

By Pamela Taylor

WHEN Maggie Vardoe left her second husband forever, a flight meticulously and long planned, down to its last detail, and with great good fortune carried out exactly as she had intended, it was a break for freedom, away from a situation which was no longer tolerable, even for a single day. Fleeing Vancouver, to which she proposed never to return, she headed for the Canadian north woods, where she had been happy as a child. It was not only freedom from an unbearable marital mistake she sought, it was freedom to make herself whole, to knit up the threads of her inner self, left frayed and ragged by the assaults of personal tragedy and unforgivable error. Her simple aim was self-preservation, an independent survival. But Maggie was not intended by Nature as a lone wolf. Young and attractive, she personified competence and compassion. People with problems turned to her as inevitably as she sought river and forest for comfort. As Maggie rebuilt her life, other people's lives became involved with hers.

—*Howard Severson.*

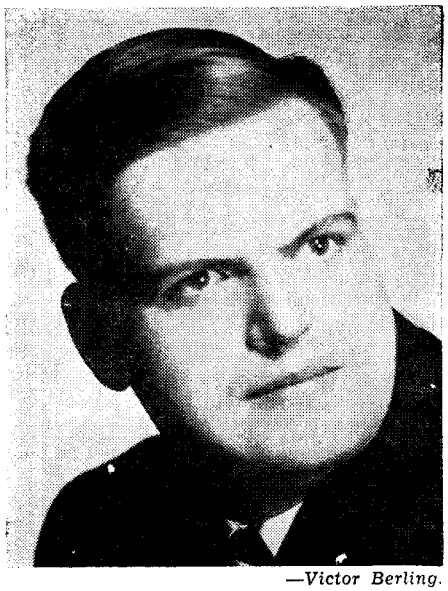
Ethel Wilson—"warmth, amusement."

The intricate pattern of mingled emotions, demands, and resentments forms the fabric of Ethel Wilson's "Swamp Angel." For one person at least the threads of love and hate were so twisted together that it was impossible to distinguish them. To another Maggie gave independence, the power to stand alone and walk as a man.

In many ways this deceptively casual story of the rebirth of a bruised and desperate adult is tantalizingly fragmentary. The characters appear, catch our imagination, and disappear with the maddening inconsequence of real life. A Chinese family is introduced, described with sympathy, abandoned. A secondary plot promises to be interesting but we no sooner begin to feel at home with the two lovers involved than they too disappear from view.

THE style in which "Swamp Angel" is written is a curiously varied one, illuminated by occasional flashes of most engaging originality. The author communicates her own knowledge and love of the deep woods and their waters, and of the pleasures of fishing, most persuasively, and she is most persuasive when describing their healing influence on the battered human spirit. Maggie is the first literary heroine I have encountered who is an expert at the delicate art of tying beautiful fishing flies.

The character who walks away with the book, however, is Mrs. Severance, of whose triumphs as part of a circus juggling act only the "Swamp Angel," an elegant little revolver, remains. It is probably the infrequent but always to be hoped-for appearance of unique and vivid creations like Mrs. Severance, and, for instance, Aunt Palm in "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer" and Grandma in "February Hill," that keeps those of us who are inveterate readers of fiction faithful to our addiction. When all too often novel after novel appears to have been written about the same set of stock figures, an unforgettable, outrageous, and pungent individual whom we can think back to with warmth and amusement compensates for all manner of technical weaknesses. "Swamp Angel," whatever its weakness, is an unusual and delightful book.



—*Victor Berling.*

Gilbert Rees—"extraordinary charm."

Kansas's Hard Life

***"Respectable Women," by Gilbert Rees** (Random House. 342 pp. $3.50), is the story of a courageous woman who made a home for her brood in a raw Kansas town after the Civil War, as seen through the eyes of one of her daughters.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

AT FIRST glance, Gilbert Rees's "Respectable Women" appears to be another candidate for that already groaning shelf of books about eccentric relatives and helter-skelter growings-up in out-of-the-way places and situations. It is a folksy reminiscence in the Mark Twain tradition, a mixture of ingenuousness and exaggeration, of naivete and salty wit, a homespun chronicle shot through with flashes of startling color and beauty. What gives it a difference is the subtle shift of emphasis from the story told to the storyteller; from a re-creation, however authentic and picturesque, of a colorful era to the poetic and sensitive creation of a character—the ostensible narrator, Clara Barnes. It can be safely assumed, I think, that Mr. Rees is not, at this writing, an old lady of 110 or thereabouts, reminiscing about life in Kansas around the 1870s. That he has made Clara, through the medium of her own speech and thought, as real as flesh and blood is a considerable feat of imaginative projection.

Clara was a little girl when the family came to Pike, Kansas, to the raw young Midwest in the latter part

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of the nineteenth century. "Ma almost fainted when she saw the main street. The main street of Pike was a mudhole between twelve saloons and a general store. Yes, those were fiddles all right and cowboys, my goodness, their legs were like doughnuts, they were that bowed, and they wore high heels on their boots and they hopped from one saloon to the next in packs. . . ." Dad was going to make his fortune, but he never did. Dad was a debonair, visionary no-good, a fiddle-playing whiskey-drinking woman-chaser, and irresistible to everyone, including Ma, whom he could always, or nearly always, get around.

Ma had a passion for respectability, and she was run so ragged trying to keep her family respectable, not to mention fed and clothed, that she had no time to be gentle and tender. But she was proud and brave, and Clara her daughter remembered her "that stood so strong against the wind, that was warmth and food and shelter and never let us hunger, never let us thirst. That hid the black world from us with her skirts. Watched day and night, always there, kept back storms and silence. . . ."

Clara's simple story is told with an artless, unselfconscious intimacy of style which is extremely appealing. Some of the incidents have a rowdy, Americana flavor of tall-tale humor, some are matter of factly grim, some are poignant and moving. The freshness and vividness of imagination and response, the homely vigorous dignity of its folk-speech give Mr. Rees's book an extraordinary charm.

—*Ladislav Dejnozka.*

Egon Hostovsky—"nightmare humor."

Spy-Thrill Hugger-Mugger

"The Midnight Patient," by Egon Hostovsky *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 278 pp. $3), tells of the attempt of a somewhat mad refugee physician to assist the FBI by upsetting morale behind the Iron Curtain.*

By Harrison Smith

ALTHOUGH Egon Hostovsky is the author of thirteen novels and volumes of short stories, and twice the recipient of Czechoslovakia's highest literary award, his work is almost unknown in the United States, where he has been living for the last five years, an exile from his country's Communist regime. It is obvious that Mr. Hostovsky's American publishers intend to put an end to this anonymity through use of the increasingly common and often annoying device of plastering the jacket of a novel with laudatory comments of well-known critics obtained long before publication. Thus, the purchaser of "The Midnight Patient" is assured before he opens the book that "it takes a stand for the values of trust in a world dominated by fear," that it is "highly unusual in every way," "a psychological thriller which reads magnificently," and that "Mr. Hostovsky has written an important tract for our times."

Nevertheless, after Graham Greene, Alfred Kazin, Malcolm Cowley, and Lewis Mumford have described the virtues of the plot of this novel, there still remains something for the book reviewer to say. To begin with, while "The Midnight Patient" is undoubtedly a story of espionage and counter-espionage, the moral issues of our time are not revealed by "the very simplicity with which the plot is constructed." It is actually more complex, involved, and befuddling than the most difficult of Graham Greene's novels.

The story describes the quite unbelievable adventures of a confused and ill Czech psychiatrist living in New York who has abandoned his practice and whose only activity consists in his daily visits to his former mistress. Dr. Arnost Malik is approached by a man who calls himself Colonel Howard, head of the Psychological Warfare Institute of the FBI. It appears that years before someone sent the Bureau a document proposing an elaborate scheme for using radio broadcasting to bring about a sort of mass insanity behind the Iron Curtain. It was designed to terrify Bolshevik leaders by inventing crimes and treacheries they had never committed, to multiply distrust, extend purges, and leave everyone afraid of his own shadow. Colonel Howard offered the doctor $20,000 if he would reestablish his office. His first client would be a high-level super-espionage agent, known only as Alfons, who would visit him only at night. The legion of Communist spies in New York would observe that the Czech doctor had reopened his office and would naturally send him their own agents, all of whom would also counterfeit mental illnesses. American spies would also be present as patients and would thus trap the Russians.

TO THE reader this devious and harebrained scheme, far from being a minor device in the attempt to cure world hysteria, or to end "the struggle of modern man as he attempts to escape from his earth-bound purgatory," would only make confusion twice confounded. It inevitably produces scenes, as Graham Greene says, "of excitement and nightmare humor." Indeed, nearly everyone in the novel appears to be insane, including Dr. Malik and the head of the Bureau, who had interested himself so long in the subversive activities of the enemy that he had planned his own attack on human society.

The doctor's house and office are soon surrounded with armed agents of both persuasions. His sleepless patient Alfons swallows a bottle of narcotic pills and goes to sleep with a time bomb under his pillow. Colonel Howard shoots himself when his contacts with the enemy are discovered. Most of the doctor's visitors commit suicide, or are killed, and a fat woman spy tries to seduce him and then steals all of his money. In the end, of all the leading actors in this confusing drama, Dr. Malik is the only one who remains alive. In fact, when the FBI hauls him in for investigation, his questioner says, "Doctor, if you call that a story, you are as crazy as you look. It sounds fine; but it has no beginning or end."

To this reviewer it would seem to be one of the few logical or sane

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The Saturday Review

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New Facts and Empty Assumptions

THE American people are worried about crime. Murders and street violence may not yet be epidemic, but they show a staggering increase. In New York City alone, according to the Police Commissioner, the people can expect at least one new murder each day.

Confronted with this danger, citizens and officials have considered various measures to promote the common safety. Most of the proposals have to do with building up the police forces and strengthening the courts. This is natural and inevitable, for everyone understands the direct connection between lawlessness and weak law-enforcement machinery. Everyone sees the direct connection, that is, until the problem and the principle are projected to crime among nations. For on the higher and more important level, where the consequences of lawlessness can be measured in the wrecking of civilizations, it is apparently widely believed that it is possible to protect ourselves without a world police force and without the machinery of law to provide world justice. If anyone were to suggest that the way to deal with local crime is to dispense with police protection he would probably be asked to have his head examined. Yet it is apparently believed that the crime wave among nations can be controlled in a prime condition of world anarchy.

Despite the surface evidence of scientific progress and enlightenment, we live in a primitive period of history. One of the marks of a fundamentally backward individual is his lack of insight into his problems or his inability to analyze correctly the basic threats to his existence. The fundamentally backward society, like the individual, does not adjust to new facts and new conditions. The largest of these facts today is that there can be neither peace nor freedom in the world unless there is a specific structure and organization which underwrites both. The consequences of the failure to build such a structure jeopardize the lives and property of citizens everywhere to a far greater extent than numberless criminals on the loose. Historians appraising twentieth-century society may find nothing so indicative of the basic uncivilized nature of the age as this failure to seek the preservation of peace and liberty through the means which alone could provide them.

The world today is trying to fight the international crime wave with a delusion. The delusion is that there is no cause-and-effect relationship between world tensions and the fact that the United Nations is a league of fully sovereign states. Supporting this delusion is the primitive idea that our physical strength can somehow save us or at least forestall the danger. That strength is only a relative strength. If the enemy possesses the same strength, which he does, then what we have is not security but frenzy. And it is the kind of strength which, when used, tears down not only the enemy's temple but our own.

For the past nine years America has been traveling on a road paved with good intentions and empty assumptions. The first assumption was that we could find security through monopoly of the continent-smashing weapons. Despite the anguished cries of the men who made them that these weapons could be devised elsewhere, there was a loud but meaningless debate over "secrecy" and "sharing." But the real issue had nothing to do with either sharing or secrecy. The real issue was this: how could we protect ourselves since there was no secret to share? How could we use such influence as we had in the world to create a world order which could prevent potential lawbreakers—indeed, anyone—from using or even making the continent-smashers?

The second empty assumption was that voluntary measures among free nations were all that were needed to block or cope with aggression. That assumption was pulverized in Korea. And it is taking a further pounding in the effort to set up a European Defense Community based on voluntary measures under treaty instead of a system of fixed commitments. Similarly, the talk of a Southeast Asia Treaty Organization has no foundation in reality, for it is a violation of history to expect a treaty to do the job that can be done only by a pooling of sovereignty.

The third empty assumption was that the threat of massive retaliation would compel the lawbreaker to behave. That assumption collapsed almost immediately with the news that the lawbreaker had devised the hydrogen bomb earlier than we did and probably had superior means of delivering them.

AND now comes the final empty assumption: that we must strike immediately before we are hit ourselves. This assumption has been repudiated, fortunately, by the President, but the idea is coming up with alarming frequency as a comprehensive cure-all. Dr. Otto John, former intelligence chief for West Germany who defected to the Communists, has been making propaganda against us out of his charges of preventive-war thinking that he says he found in top-level discussions on his visit to the United States. The charge has been denounced by us as a lie. But what makes Dr. John's charge so explosive is not what we say about it but whether the Communist officials themselves believe it. For the same reasons which have caused preventive war talk here hold for the Soviet. If the Soviet really believes we intend to strike first because of the nature of the new weapons, then her own thinking must proceed along the same lines. And the Soviet decision to hit will not be preceded by public debate. That knowledge is bound to add to our own tension and impatience.

This, then, is the condition of man in what was once envisioned as the most promising and most enlightened century in history. No one denies that a full-scale war will exterminate more than a billion human beings;

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PAIN OF DISCONTENT

N.C.'s EDITORIAL [*SR* August 7] on discontent is disturbing, and rightfully so, in the questions which it attempts to answer. We are reminded of a similar probing article by the same author on the hydrogen bomb, in which a number of dilemmas were posed with a mind toward giving the public some understanding of the problem of decision in weighty matters. The author asks if Tolstoy was right in saying that "discontent is not the result of man's needs but of his abundance." Then the author concludes that the standard for greatness for man or his society "is not acquisition but disposition." In other words, we have thus approached the problem descriptively, and we can only agree that discontent is here to stay at least for an extended while.

But let us examine, for a moment, our unhappy inheritance from a positive standpoint. Given discontent, can it be useful in any way? Is it simply the waste which must be drawn off as the sludge from a blast furnace, or, as inventive human beings, can we find even here some valuable byproduct with which to turn waste into consumption?

Now I think, as Joseph Wood Krutch so brilliantly suggested in your editorial page [*SR* July 24], perhaps a little discontent would go a long way toward producing individuals, over against the psychology of group adjustment and contentment everywhere along the line by "most of the peace-of-mind boys who ladle out advice to so-called adults." In fact, discontent, if understood properly and not wrongly channeled into makeshift islands of security, might renew those days of old in which our early American ancestors seemed to live so "contentedly."

In short, I suggest that our chief problem is not discontent at all. Rather, more subtly, our unwillingness to face discontent stands for us as the barrier to a satisfying life.

HENRY SOSLAND.

New York, N. Y.

PROUST'S ILLIERS

THE INHABITANTS OF ILLIERS, near Chartres, have shown little interest in Marcel Proust, the man who made their town famous. The municipality did not hesitate to requisition for governmental offices the home of "Tante Léonie," which Proust has described in unforgettable pages of "Swann's Way." It was only through the tenacious efforts of Mr. Larcher of Illiers and the committee headed by Professor Henri Mondor that the home has finally been saved as a literary sanctuary. One of the members of the Société des Amis de Marcel Proust has taken a lease on the house. Under the sponsorship of Mme. Mante-Proust the work of restoration and furnishing is now under way. The purpose is to re-create the atmosphere of the original.

"See—I was right. There's nothing the matter with him."

Thanks to a granddaughter of Tante Léonie, some authentic pieces of furniture have been provided. Space will be set aside for a library, museum, and *centre de documentation*.

The society has opened a subscription. Contributions may be addressed to Mr. Paul-Albert Boyer, Trésorier, 42, Cours Albert Ier, Paris (8e), France.

PHILIP KOLB.

Urbana, Ill.

SLANDER IN AMERICAN LIFE

MY INTEREST in Cleveland Amory's summary of the Reynolds vs. Pegler case as a much-needed expose of slander as it runs its way in American life today [TRADE WINDS, *SR* Aug. 7] leads me to call your attention to an English scene in the House of Commons on April 24, 1640.

This is the verbatim record from the Journal of the House:

> Mr. Dell, a Member of this House, saying that a member of this House did say, that the Churches beyond the Seas were about to fall from us, because we were about to leave our Religion; there were great Exceptions taken at this, and he was urged to name the Man: At last, he named Mr. Pimme.
>
> Upon Question, it was resolved, that Mr. Pimme never, since the beginning of this Parliament, has at any time let fall any unfitting Speeches.
>
> The whole House also seemed generally to be of Opinion, that there were no such Words spoken by any Man.
>
> Mr. Dell does acknowledge, he was mistaken; and will rest rather upon the Sense of this House than on his own.
>
> But it was further moved, That, if in any Place, or before any Company, he had reported these Words, he should in the same Place, and before the same Company, retract and disavow them:
>
> Upon this Motion, he professed, upon his Credit, that, to the best of his Remembrance, he had never reported them any where, nor to any Person; but if it should appear that he had, he was ready to retract and disavow them.

A similar retraction was made by a member who used the word "rebel" in connection with the Scots. He acknowledged he was wrong and that they were loyal subjects.

Perhaps we need the three hundred years and more of a high regard for legislative standards to curb men like Pegler and McCarthy.

SARAH B. BALL.

Hartford, Conn.

VOTERS IN WISCONSIN

I WISH EVERY VOTER in Wisconsin could read Cleveland Amory's TRADE WINDS column in *SR* Aug. 14. I'll do my best to pass it around, but I fear it will not get the circulation it deserves. There are a few intelligent people in Wisconsin; the rest of the country may think otherwise.

SIGRID RASMUSSEN.

Menomonie, Wisc.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bread, Love, and Circuses

THE Italian film industry has been so busy aping Hollywood with sex and spectaculars in recent years that **"Bread, Love, and Dreams"** comes along as a delicious surprise. It isn't a throwback to the bitter neo-realism of "Open City" and "Shoe Shine," which first won worldwide attention for Italian pictures, nor is it quite the kind of regional comedy we saw recently in "Two Cents' Worth of Hope." There are traces of both, but the peasant humor of the plot—and the vast success that the film has already enjoyed in Italy itself—suggests that a new vein of national consciousness has been tapped.

The settings are real, the characters are natural and splendidly observed, yet the story is pure confection—a hearty, healthy confection in which these elements of reality are scrambled and tossed and transformed into something delightfully akin to comic opera. The neo-realists used to say, "This is the way life is"; the neo-realism of "Bread, Love, and Dreams" tells us, "This is the way life ought to be." The reality—the "bread"—is accepted philosophically, but it can be buttered with dreams. At one point in the film the wise old village priest points out to the new major of the local carabinieri that riots and rebellion break out only in those parts of Italy where the land has been nationalized. "Here," he says, "the peasants still think that things can get better."

Guareschi knows these people, but his books are concerned with weightier problems. Ettore Margadonna, the author of "Bread, Love, and Dreams" (and also of "Two Cents' Worth of Hope"), is content to enjoy the insignificant—people who are poor and unimportant caught up in intrigues or amours or situations that are essentially commonplace. His trick, which he shares with Guareschi, is to make his people utterly believable, completely human.

As in "Two Cents' Worth of Hope," the aging hero of "Bread, Love, and Dreams" is a likable, good-hearted man, not overly bright but entirely well-meaning. The major in charge of a detachment of carabinieri in a tiny, sun-drenched Abruzzi village, he has undoubtedly attained his greatest eminence in life. Now it is time for him to settle down, to find a wife and raise *bambini*. Two possibilities catch his roving eye—one, the village midwife, a mature, still handsome woman of whom all the townspeople would approve; the other, a winsome, buxom young doxie which all the townspeople would understand. The complication is that the girl already loves a guard in his command. Complication or no, the film moves swiftly and cheerfully to a *festa* finale that, with its lilting street songs and bursting fireworks, might almost be from a musical comedy.

By no means is Margadonna alone responsible for the charm and spirit of this film. Director Luigi Comencini, working against the clean, time-smoothed backgrounds of the Abruzzi mountains, has beautifully captured their warmth and sunny spaciousness with his cameras. And from his cast, professional and nonprofessional alike, he has elicited vivid, high-pitched performances. Vittorio De Sica combines just the right proportions of dash, good-humor, and fuddiness as the middle-aged major in search of a mate. And beautiful Gina Lollobrigida, the mate of his choice, is an enchanting hoyden whether kicking at her donkey, screaming abuse at overfriendly gentlemen, or imperiously ordering the major to look after her livestock while he keeps her locked in jail for disturbing the peace. "Bread, Love, and Dreams" is a droll, smiling movie, distinguished by a health and humor all too rare in Italian films today.

* * *

This column is a bit late in getting around to **"The Earrings of Madame De . . . ,"** a French picture that also features the handsome, talented Vittorio De Sica as actor rather than director. Charles Boyer and lovely Danielle Darrieux are his co-stars, all working under the silken direction of Max Ophuls. It is a film of more than ordinary interest. As with "La Ronde" and "Le Plaisir," Ophuls has again returned to the last century for his setting, and to that fashionable society that moved from ball to boudoir following a strict but elegant code. The result is a somewhat cold film, but one as glittering and flawless as the earrings of its title.

* * *

It is not only tempting, it would be comparatively simple to shrug away Darryl F. Zanuck's $5,000,000 production of Mika Waltari's **"The Egyptian"** (20th Century-Fox) with a couple of ill-tempered adjectives. Overlong, overtalky, underacted, the film meanders for more than two hours through laboriously researched Egyptian throne rooms and side streets of the thirteenth century B.C.—all populated by such thoroughly twentieth-century types as Victor Mature, Gene Tierney, Jean Simmons, and Michael Wilding. There is a Babylonian vamp, played by Bella Darvi in the best "Kiss me, my fool," Theda Bara tradition, who injects the standard quantum of sex into the religio-historical proceedings. And there are strong doses of sadism, including a bloodily graphic slaughter of the innocents, without which no spectacle with any claim to sweep and dimension has ever been quite complete. It is all too familiar. Cecil B. De Mille alone has done it a dozen times, while 20th Century-Fox itself used the formula for its first CinemaScopic epic (CinemaScepic?), "The Robe."

The strange thing is that for untold millions the formula invariably seems to work. Given the proper combination of sex, sadism, and spectacle, with just a smidgen of religious uplift and perhaps a slight shift in century and setting, boxoffices across the nation jingle a golden tune. Mr. Zanuck has every reason to believe that his $5,000,000 was well invested, for the truth is that his "Egyptian" is by no means the worst of its kind. It gives its audiences their money's worth, no matter what they paid to see. The spectacle is truly eye-filling. The settings, the costumes, the jewelry are always rich and colorful, and changed frequently. From Waltari's long novel there emerges, despite all the nonsense of the Babylonian bad girl and the handsome young physician who readily succumbs to her scented charms, a reasonably accurate account of Pharaoh Akhnaton, the first man to introduce a monotheistic concept to the ancient world. And although "The Egyptian" contains considerably less physical action than its predecessor, "The Robe," director Michael Curtiz has contrived to keep the bulky narrative moving fairly briskly through artful staging and canny camera work. But it is a forced march, sustained by Curtiz's technical prowess, whipped along by a super-symphonic orchestra blaring the joint efforts of Alfred Newman and Bernard Herrmann. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *An unfortunate error introduced this column's review of "The Vanishing Prairie" (SR Aug. 21). Walt Disney did indeed receive an Academy Oscar for a cartoon this year—the experimental, CinemaScopic "Toot, Whistle, and Plunk."*]

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Just One Country's Opinion

NOW that England is about to take on commercial television, somebody over there thought it might be a good idea to hold a private showing for the TV critics on the London papers of some typical American television programs.

I thought you might be interested in reading what they think of the entertainment we provide on our new medium. Or at least what one of them thinks—chap by the name of Wiggin who does a column for the *Sunday Times*. He starts off rather undecidedly. "It was unbelievably bad," he writes.

Then he goes on to say he didn't mind the commercials at all. It was the stuff between the commercials that appalled him. Or as he puts it more kindly: "It was unimaginative drivel obviously designed to appeal to a huge naive audience with no standards of judgment. A nation fed on this pap for one generation might as well scrap its educational system and spend the money on asylums."

And Mr. Wiggin saw only three programs. Here's what he says about them:

"We began with an advertisement for cigarettes. Then the sponsor threw in a crisp crime film, of which we saw only enough to persuade me that I was not going to find it unbearable to miss the rest.

"Next came the Robert Montgomery show. Mr. M. said we were going to see a fine play, but first it was our privilege to see fine wax polish. Followed a bright plug for the polish, after which Act One was a real letdown. Never have I sat through such puerile, driveling tosh. The dialogue was incredible, the sentiment could be spread on hunks of bread, the production was miles below Lime Grove standards, the acting was a joke. Then a bit more wax polish (the only kind of polish in this show) and then Act Two.

"Lastly the Ken Murray show, by courtesy of Budweiser beer; which I can plug without being unduly generous since it is not on sale over here. (I shall certainly avoid it if I visit New York.)

"The presentation of this variety show was utterly unadventurous. The turns were mediocre to put it mildly. The *pièce de resistance* was a dramatic excerpt which brought Henry VIII and Katherine Howard face to face in the persons of Mr. Francis L. Sullivan, the well-known heavyweight, and Miss Sarah Churchill, the lightweight.

"This low farce concluded, Mr. Sullivan joined Mr. Murray in a dressing room where the beer was duly drunk and eulogized by the celebrated actor, fresh from the condemned cell. Leaving at least one onlooker considerably sadder Budweiser."

WELL, Mr. Wiggin may be slightly overcritical, but you will have to admit one thing—he is pretty nasty about it.

Just what sort of entertainment they do like in England is described, for instance, in the same London paper by a colleague of Mr. Wiggin's who reviews radio shows. I offer his description of a show which seems to have come off jolly well:

"An unpretentious Home Service programme about the Thames, called 'The Gay River,' afforded your critic his most pleasurable listening last week. 'All Along the Dear Old Towpath' sang the George Mitchell choir. It was forcefully nostalgic. One imagined Mr. Mitchell in a straw boater, strolling with his sopranos under riparian elms. And all the girls, high-bosomed, button-booted, twirling their parasols as they sang. 'The Gay River' set out to evoke memories in words and music of the Thames. . . . It did creak a bit, but who cared—with all those jolly boating songs to speed us down the river towards Gravesend and a whitebait supper with dancing on the lawn?"

That sounds real keen. Now why can't we get programs like that over here? —GOODMAN ACE.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Liebermann's "Penelope" in Salzburg

—SALZBURG.

ROLF LIEBERMANN'S "Penelope," *opera semiseria* on a text by Heinrich Strobel, had a brilliant world premiere here as the novelty and only modern opera of this year's Festival. George Szell conducted the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and chorus, the staging was by Oscar Fritz Schuh, scenery and costumes by Caspar Neher, and the title role was sung by Christl Goltz.

This is the second opera in which Liebermann, musical director of Radio Zürich, and Strobel, who occupies the same position in the Südwestfunk in Baden-Baden, have cooperated. The first, "Leonore 40-45," dealt with the love between a German soldier and a French girl in World War II. The present work deals with another equally contemporary problem—the returning soldier. Strobel's contention is that the modern opera, to be valid, must concern itself with the problems of today's world. In the presentation of these problems, however, that kind of realism in which the film is supreme must be avoided. It is the mission of opera, Strobel says, "to raise reality to the status of a symbol by fashioning the raw material to a stylized form." The stylization of "Penelope" consists in the use of the classical Greek theme of Ulysses's return to the constant Penelope as a frame for the story of a present-day returning warrior. The reality is portrayed in this modern tragedy, a kind of play within a play. The symbolism is achieved through a synthesis of the ancient story with the modern, culminating in a finale in which the two stories, and the two planes on which they have been portrayed, are merged.

The authors call their work an *opera semiseria*, but it is in reality more "seria" than "semi," to coin a bad phrase. The "framing" action is laid in ancient Greece, with appropriate costumes and scenery. Penelope is beset by three unwelcome suitors who urge her to choose among them a new husband, since Ulysses's return can no longer be expected. The silly suitors, including one who stutters, provide the grotesque-comic element, which always remains subordinate to the main tragic action. The chorus, representing the assembled court, praises Penelope's steadfastness and her refusal to give up hope for Ulysses. She shows the suitors a tapestry she has just finished after many years of weaving and which mercifully conceals the future. She offers, however, to reveal that future and herself to play the principal role in the ensuing tragedy. When the tapestry is drawn aside we see on the second plane the suggestion of an elegant drawing-room in an Italian villa. As Penelope and her husband Ercole sing of their supremely happy marriage a messenger enters with news that Ulysses, Penelope's first husband who had been reported missing in action and subsequently declared dead, is returning. In the subsequent action, interrupted by frequent returns to the classical Greek plane, Penelope learns that the faithful Ulysses has died on the return journey. When she returns home to tell Ercole that they have been saved by this macabre turn of fortune she finds that he has hanged himself. Crazed with grief she curses God and fate and sinks to the ground unconscious. Suddenly the Ulysses of Homer appears in classical Greek costume and here the allegorical synthesis of the two planes on which the opera has moved takes place. Ulysses, now a symbol for all warriors of all times and by extension for all humanity, sings that the miracle of his return was made possible through the genius of the great poet Homer and through the magic of art.

To this story Liebermann has composed music that is as varied and full of sudden changes as the world of today in which the tragedy takes place. The compact score, containing some ninety minutes of music, is characterized throughout by quick changes of pace, of mood, and of technique. Liebermann employs the twelve-tone system extensively but by no means exclusively, and he employs it as loosely as suits his dramatic purposes. He succeeds indeed in making the listener forget that he is hearing twelve-tone music. Yet the fact that the system—however loosely applied—is used gives the music a certain strength and power and acts as a cohesive factor. Apart from all devices of the system, and much more important than these, the score displays a richness of invention and a dramatic sense that carry it from beginning to end. The style varies and changes rapidly from lyrical to tragic to comic. During the "welcome home" scene for the returning POW's a twelve-tone boogie-woogie is introduced. The arias, ranging from comic to heroic, are grateful for the voice and alternate with recitative passages notable for their fine declamation. The extended finale assumes the proportions of a symphonic apotheosis, verging on the style of oratorio. The formal structure is masterful; emotional and musical climaxes are built with telling effect.

THE performance of "Penelope" came as near to being perfect as one can imagine. Szell conducted with absolute authority and with complete understanding of the score, maintaining the line and the unity from start to finish. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus responded to his leadership with an impeccable rendition of the difficult work. Christl Goltz's portrayal of Penelope was moving and convincing; with her extraordinarily beautiful voice she sang the demanding part as if she had known it for years, proving once again that she is one of the great sopranos of today. Ulysses was magnificently sung by Kurt Böhme, whose rich baritone voice was ideal for the part. In his long monologue at the end of the opera he was more than equal not only to the musical but also to the intellectual demands of the role. Rudolf Schock was an excellent Ercole and Anneliese Rothenberger sang splendidly the coloratura role of Telemachos, as did Max Lorenz that of the mayor. The scenery and costumes of Caspar Neher were superb, and Schuh's stage direction was full of imagination and fantasy. Most striking and gratifying were the perfection of the ensemble and the overall continuity that characterized the entire production, demonstrating what can be achieved with adequate preparation, cooperation, and rehearsal.

The problem with which "Penelope" is concerned is more than that of the returning POW; it is the problem of war as such. The authors ridicule the chauvinistic variety of patriotism in the person of the stuttering suitor-poet Demoptolemus, whom the other two suitors (a warrior and a financier) egg on to write jingoistic verse. In the scene of the returning POW's the mockery of war is brought out, as the mayor "forgives" the weakness of the returning soldiers for having been captured, while he and his colleague "held the lines" at home. And, in Ulysses's final aria, satire is dropped in favor of a thoroughly serious and moving appeal against the barbarity that is war: "I have been praised for inventing the Trojan horse. What this horse caused in Troy was murder and blood—no less dreadful than the murder and blood of your bombs. I have rued my Trojan horse."

—EVERETT HELM.

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THE FINE ARTS

Double Solitaire

YEARS ago my grandparents played a curious version of solitaire in which, for purposes of companionship, they placed their cards on the same table but kept entirely separate scores. This summer such a game is being played with remarkable success at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, where the painters Yves Tanguy and his wife, Kay Sage, are having retrospective exhibitions. The two artists work in adjoining studios in the barn of their property at Woodbury, Conn. But their pictures make individual points. Their differences of vision and technique have never been more apparent than at Hartford.

Quite properly, the central walls in the Avery Memorial wing of the Wadsworth Atheneum are given over to Tanguy's paintings and drawings, for Tanguy has been a professional artist far longer than his wife. In the mid-1920s, riding on a Paris bus, Tanguy saw in a gallery window one of those early paintings by Giorgio de Chirico which have exerted a profound influence on a considerable number of the leading artists of our time. Tanguy jumped off the bus, stared at the De Chirico, and decided to become the particular kind of painter he has been ever since. In 1926 he joined Surrealism's inner circle. He promptly became one of that movement's most eloquent artists, respected at once by his confreres but only gradually winning the wider acclaim he merits.

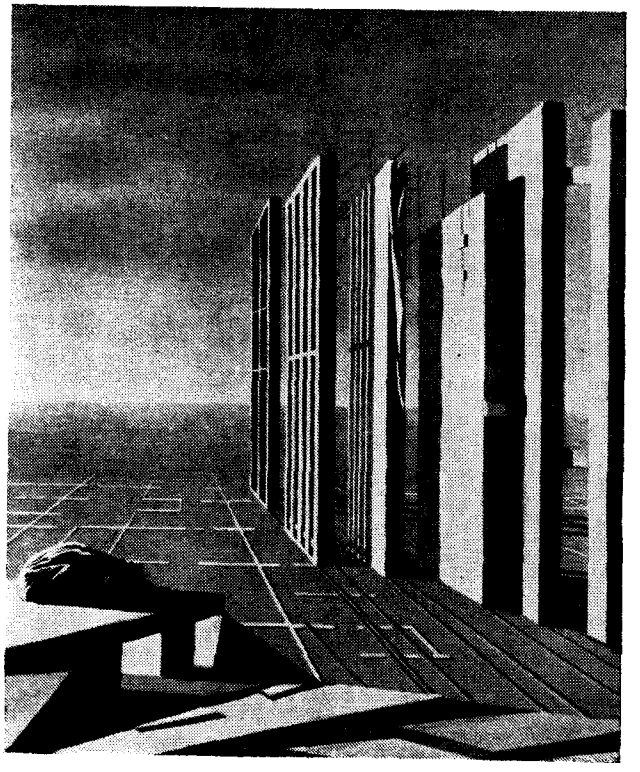
Tanguy was born in 1900 on the Place de la Concorde at the Ministry of the Marine, where his father was a functionary. He was born in a bed that had belonged to Gustave Courbet, founder of Realism in French art. The fact seems ironical, considering that for almost thirty years Tanguy has disrupted in pictorial terms the surface reality which Courbet had championed as the proper concern of art. But the name "Gustave" has special meaning for Tanguy, as he will sometimes tell you quietly. If Courbet's art and theories have never appealed to him, he was nourished in youth by the fantastic imagery of two other Gustaves—Moreau and Doré.

Tanguy's principal creative stimulus, however, has not been the art of other men, but his childhood memories of Brittany's coastal area near Locronan, where ancient menhirs hush the fields and where the sea washes over curious stones, bringing objects from the deep. Tanguy speaks with awe of Brittany, and there can be little doubt that his imaginative vision was deeply affected by its landscape. But through a subtle process of transfiguration, he converts this landscape into a bizarre wasteland, peopled by organic or mineral shapes, alone or huddled, projected against infinite, ambiguous space. His skies are in strange communion with the earth, as when rainbows seem to flare upward from below the horizon's curve, and often it is difficult to say at precisely what point in his pictures the land gives way to air. Tanguy's clouds are provocative counterparts to his landscape forms, deftly lighted, swirling in delicate webs. Often his paintings are really skyscapes, with solid matter reduced to a narrow band at the base of the picture. But then again his undefinable still-life objects rear like monuments against a distant backdrop of sky. He likes extreme of scale and varies them constantly, small to large, far to near.

Since his arrival in America in 1939 (he is now an American citizen and plans to work here the rest of his life) Tanguy's color has become more brilliant and changeable, and he has left behind the fairly dark, almost romantic tonality which characterized his earlier works. He is less intent on atmospheric mystery than he was, and the lights have gone up a bit on his magician's stage. But his legerdemain remains as impressive—and inexplicable—as ever. It is enriched rather than diluted by new subtleties of tone, form, and light.

One of Tanguy's rarest virtues as an artist has been his extraordinary singlemindedness. The collapse of Surrealism as an active movement in esthetics (or counter-esthetics) has had no real effect on his art or beliefs, and surely he would one day have arrived at his unmistakable iconography without that movement's support. In technical matters he began as a primitive and has become a superb craftsman. This sort of progress often entails a very high cost, as in the cases of De Chirico, Derain, Dali, and numerous other twentieth-century painters, who have lost conviction in the search for flourish. Tanguy will never be forced to pay this debilitating price, since his inspiration keeps pace with his cumulative mastery of medium. He works slowly and only when obsessed by something he wants to say. He is untroubled by the fact that his art as a whole shows none of those abrupt and drastic stylistic changes through which so many modern painters seek to refresh themselves and their public. The result is not monotony but richness. Tanguy's big show at Hartford reveals nuances far more profound than could have been foreseen except by those who know his work by heart.

WHEREAS Tanguy's painting is concerned with animistic forms, however transformed, that of Kay Sage is predominantly architectural in subject, as though through some unswervable instinct of femininity she felt impelled to create poetic shelters in the landscape of her reveries. Her first exhibition was held in Milan in 1936. She was then an abstract painter, but presently she came to know and admire the art of the Surrealists. The



Kay Sage's "Point of Intersection," 1951-52.

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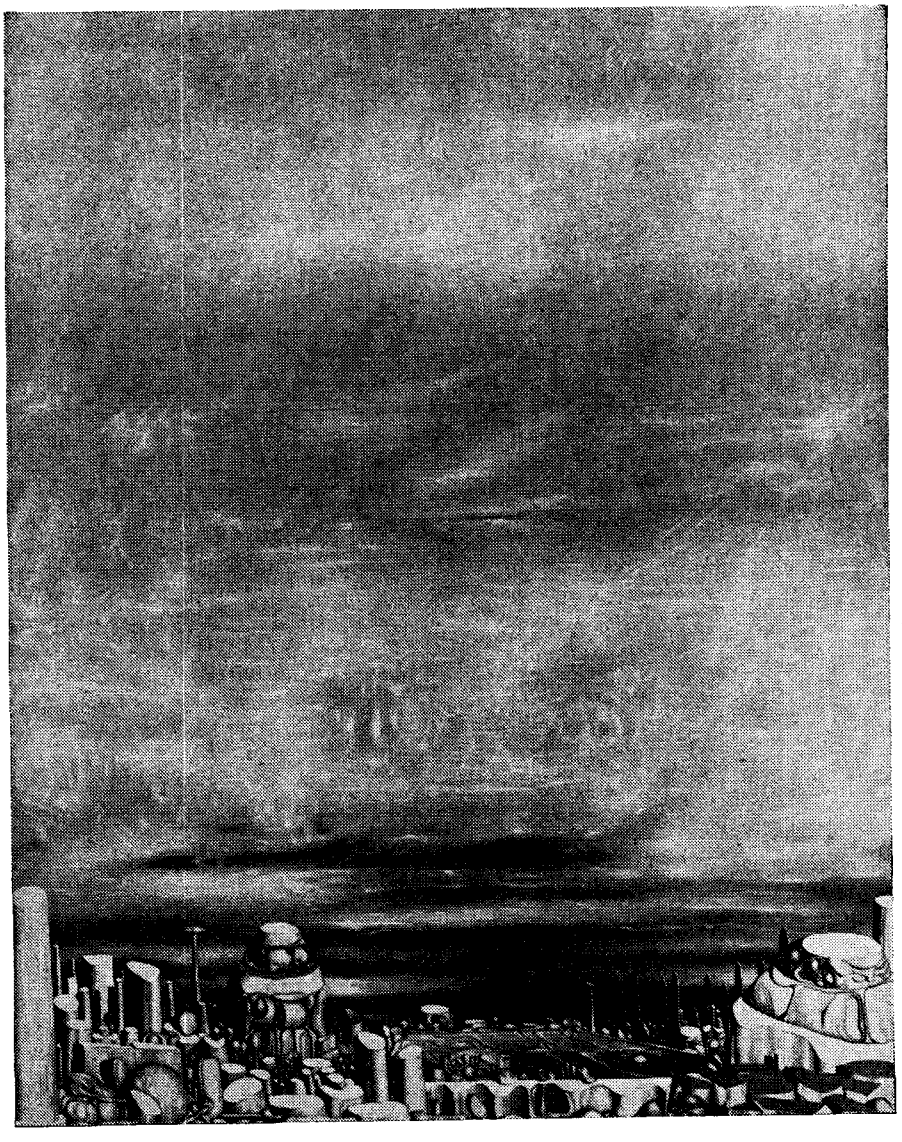
early paintings of De Chirico made an immense impression on her as on Tanguy; she admired the pictures of the Italian artist's "metaphysical" period (1911-18) not only for the emotive power of their far extensions of perspective, but for their capacity to endow arches, walls, and piazzas with an oneiric intensity. It is De Chirico assuredly who has had the greatest influence on her art. But she has long since progressed to originality of statement, immaculately expressed. Her pavilions, standing on vast, flat plains or piazzas, are unearthly structures, yet fully credible. They are not ominous, as are the buildings of De Chirico. They are gracious and protective, like way stations at which robed oracles will pause on their journey toward the luminous infinity which it is their mission to decipher.

I suppose it will be apparent from the tenor of the foregoing that Tanguy and Kay Sage are old and dear friends. They are indeed, and this brings up a point which I have argued at times with some of my colleagues: whether the critic has the right to judge the work of artists whom he knows well personally. In this country particularly there is a puritanical feeling that he has not. I disagree flatly. To begin with, it is utterly impossible for the critic to remain friends with any painter or sculptor whose current work he does not admire for its own sake. And, in the second place, it seems to me far less important for the writer on contemporary art to keep himself inviolate, as to human contacts with the creative figures of our time, than for him to acquire as much first-hand information as possible about the personalities and thought of those artists he appreciates most. At any rate, to my mind the Tanguy-Sage exhibition is one of the star events of the summer and should be visited, along with the Wadsworth Atheneum's superlative permanent collection, by all who find themselves in or near Hartford before September 28.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.



Yves Tanguy's "Du vert au blanc," 1954—"his objects rear like monuments against sky."

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 17

tortion and special pleading which often has had a dubious relationship to Proust's actual accomplishments. The critiques that rightly consider Proust as a great artist and thinker rather than as a labyrinth of ambiguities and neuroses must be commended for service to a literary cause. Such a critique is Milton Hindus's **"The Proustian Vision"** (Columbia University, $4), a useful guide for the reader of Proust's novels. Mr. Hindus, who gives the impression of being steeped in his subject, writes with admirable clarity and perception that seldom waver from the goal.

His purpose has been to explore and evaluate five aspects of Proust's genius, all of them demonstrable through the novels: esthetics, philosophy, psychology, sociology, and ethics. The result has been fruitful, showing the novelist's indebtedness to Wagner, Schopenhauer, and Freud. The most satisfying discussion is that of the esthetics, in which Mr. Hindus cogently reveals Proust's sanctified concepts of art and artistic growth, and his association of verbalism and music. For Proust art was its own end and the artist a sufferer. In his pessimistic philosophy he saw mankind enduring universal misery because of two coexistent worlds—of reality and desire—which never meet. Like Kafka, Proust envisaged the isolation of the individual. Mr. Hindus has sought to refute Proust's Marxist critics and to clarify the novelist's conviction that hierarchy is part of natural order. And, in answer to the critic Mauriac, he has argued for Proust as a moralist dedicated to "kindness, scrupulosity, and self-sacrifice," and has attempted to reveal an ethical outlook shaped by the Dreyfus Case and by the inner pressures of Judaism and homosexuality. Mr. Hindus, furthermore, has made good use of the recently published (1952) novel "Jean Santeuil" to plead more credibly than has been possible hitherto for a steady continuity and intensification of Proust's artistic powers.

—EDWARD A. BLOOM.

A CENTURY OF "MOBY-DICK": The kudos which rewards literary genius came to Herman Melville belatedly. But today it more than makes up for the strained critical reception accorded him by his contemporaries. Some of his modern praise has been, indeed, both exuberant and esoteric. But a great deal has been soberly perceptive, and Melville's status as a master is now very firmly grounded. To me-

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morialize the one hundredth anniversary of his greatest work, "Moby-Dick," the Melville Society in 1951 sponsored testimonial meetings in Massachusetts, Ohio, and Colorado, and generally encouraged a year of homage. Hungry scholars in Colorado consumed an appropriate luncheon of whale meat. But even more important were the papers recently collected by Tyrus Hillway and Luther S. Mansfield as **"Moby-Dick Centennial Essays"** (Southern Methodist University Press, $3.75). Although differences of opinion will persist about the novel's true meaning, several of the essays are provocative excursions in literary criticism which will engage attention whether the readers concur or dissent. They range from psychiatric interpretations (Ahab is a Satanic embodiment and the whale symbolizes his Puritan conscience) to esthetic and structural considerations (Ishmael rather than Ahab is regarded as the protagonist). Other topics relate to Melville's social attitudes, his sense of fatalism, and the growth of his transcendental spirit. There are also papers on the early critical notices of "Moby-Dick" (more than is commonly supposed), the probable influence of Hawthorne on Melville, and the novelist's use of materials pertaining to Nantucket, the nineteenth-century American whaling center. Most of these essays are excellent in their particular functions and represent a high level of scholarship. Their variety suggests the diversity of fascination which "Moby-Dick" has held for readers these hundred-odd years. Contributing to the volume are Henry A. Murray, Mr. Hillway, Walter E. Bezanson, Henry Nash Smith, Ernest E. Leisy, Hugh W. Hetherington, Perry Miller, Randall Stewart, and Wilson L. Heflin. —E. A. B.

HENRY JAMES AS AMERICAN: For the real tradition of American literature we must look to those nineteenth-century writers who were less concerned with the colorful frontier than with national problems of faith and morality. Marius Bewley's **"The Complex Fate"** (Grove Press, $5) is largely dedicated to this thesis. Its major purpose is an

examination of Henry James's Americanism, especially as James was affected by Hawthorne. Although comparisons between James and Hawthorne have been legion, the present volume of essays serves a useful critical function through its detailed analyses of novels which reveal comparable tensions of faith and fear, of hope for America and criticism of its deficiencies. The specific analogies are between "The Blithedale Romance" and "The Bostonians," and "The Marble Faun" and "The Wings of the Dove." Mr. Bewley, who deplores the European tag with which James is commonly identified, demonstrates rather convincingly that both authors (along with Cooper and Melville) provide the essential foundation for an American literary tradition. James's fiction, we are shown, was indebted to Hawthorne's techniques, moral preoccupations, and even scenes, materials, and symbolic awareness. By comparison, the influence on James of Flaubert, Turgenev, Maupassant, and Zola appears negligible.

Less significant essays, though they are still related to American problems, deal with interpretations of evil in "What Maisie Knew" and "The Turn of the Screw." F. R. Leavis, who also wrote the introduction, has been given space for a forceful disagreement. Mr. Bewley, in his turn, has written a rejoinder. The circular debate does not contribute much. In subsequent analytical essays Mr. Bewley has concluded that Wallace Stevens must be ranked America's No. 1 contemporary poet, taking precedence over Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, and Robert Lowell. Eliot he places in the English tradition. Passing to other genres, Mr. Bewley in stimulating if unduly petulant fashion rebukes H. L. Mencken and Kenneth Burke, both of them for esthetic insensitivity and Burke also for the Marxist slant of his criticism.

—Edward A. Bloom.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Queen, in "Cymbeline." 2. Queen Katharine, in "King Henry VIII." 3. Hermione, in "The Winter's Tale." 4. Tamora, in "Titus Andronicus." 5. Hippolyta, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 6. Lady Macbeth, in "Macbeth." 7. Gertrude, in "Hamlet." 8. Cleopatra, in "Anthony and Cleopatra." 9. Queen, in "King Richard II." 10. Elizabeth, in "King Richard III."

Business

Continued from page 18

details. Professor Buley, who is an expert and accomplished historian, has much to say about this country's political, economic, and legislative affairs and their bearing on life insurance. His introduction alone covers 247 pages devoted to life insurance concepts and history from Hammurabi, 2250 B. C., to Hughes, 1905 A. D., the year when the forming of the ALC was proposed. He retells, therefore, much history already well told elsewhere. Some may feel that he might have devoted fewer pages to background, with profit to his main theme. I am sure that he thinks that the ALC story can be adequately told only in relation to those background materials. In this view he has my sympathy. Yet I shudder to think what kind of life insurance library we shall create if each author of a topical history in this field decided that his must be the definitive history of general developments as well as a definitive topical history. When he concentrates attention on essentials of ALC affairs—as he does in the sections dealing with the Convention's origin and those dealing with plans for merging it with other, or at least one other, associations—he produces precisely the kind of topical history which one would like to have found much more of in the narrative as a whole. Since duplication of services by their several associations is a subject which currently commands much attention from life executives, these passages of Professor Buley's history will be read by them with interest and profit.

Business Book Notes

STRIKES AND CONSEQUENCES: The subject of industrial strikes and their effects on labor, management, and the consumer has been long in need of a thoroughly scientific yardstick. As part of Yale University's Labor and Management Center Series, Neil W. Chamberlain and Jane Metzger Schilling have combined efforts to study **"The Impact of Strikes: Their Economic and Social Costs"** (Harper, $4). These economists examine seventeen strikes which reached across the nation in 1949-1950 and that occurred in the coal, steel, and railroad industries. Although the general and specific conclusions reached are by no means surprising, it is the weight of scientific sifting which gives them a measure of importance. They find that there is a tendency in some strikes for

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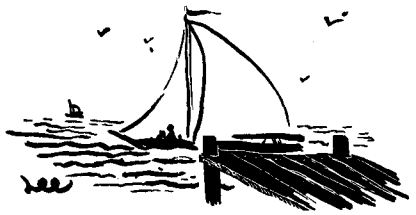
the income effects in terms of wages and employment to outweigh the consumption effects. That is why so many strikes run their course without enough pressure on the consumer to realize the price he is paying and consequently raise no public demand for curtailment. Most of the time the shoe pinches the producer and the employes concerned. Also, they point to the ineffectuality of governmental lists of industries in which strikes are forbidden (primarily public utilities and transportation) because of the type of product and service which they render to consumers. The fallacy lies in the fact that industries like steel and coal, which usually are not on the list, rate most seriously in their overall impact on the economy. What is most significant about the Chamberlain and Metzger study is the systematic method it sets up which any industry, labor body, or government agency may use as a model in determining the ramified effects of strikes and use as a profitable guide to future courses of action or inaction.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

DOLLAR TALKS: The lectures Roy F. Harrod delivered at Oxford University on **"The Dollar"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) take the reader on a lively historical jaunt, tracing the evolution of the American dollar, the Federal Reserve System, and the dollar's increasingly important role in international commerce. The history of dollar currency is a complex one, but Mr. Harrod provides an intelligible, brief outline of its origin, chronological highspots, and contemporary meaning, without compromising subtleties. Reassuring and unsettling at the same time is his remark that the "layman may console himself with the thought that the economist is often as little able as he to interpret contemporary happenings; it is only the economic historian who can perceive the pattern in restrospect." Yet, a good grounding "in retrospect" makes it easier to understand present currency problems, without necessarily aiding in crystal-gazing. From the establishment of an American mint by Alexander Hamilton in 1791 to monetary policies today, Mr. Harrod engagingly makes clear the historical factors which have converted the dollar from a national to an international institution. —S. M.



American Labor and the Book

Continued from page 11

of the AFL, is more general in his reply to my questionnaire. He feels that the finest literature in all languages, both religious and secular, tends to emphasize the importance and the objectives of the labor movement. "In the Sermon on the Mount," he says, "in the Declaration of Independence, as well as in thousands of literary expressions of man's noblest aspirations, I have felt from my earliest days that the reason for a labor movement has been continually reiterated." As for readings for young people on the history and significance of the labor movement, he points to the wide use of social-science materials in the modern public-school curriculum, calling it a good beginning in correcting the heretofore inadequate portrayal given by students of government, economics, sociology, and education of the role organized labor has played in American history.

JOHN L. LEWIS, president of the United Mine Workers of America, found himself "too engaged" to answer my questions and so he was asked to comment upon the following references to his reading by his biographers:

> He was a human sponge, soaking up both information and knowledge from his avid reading. Lewis loved to read and devoured book after book, practically all of them of the sensational stripe. His interests, like his reading habits, were very disorganized. . . . Myrta Bell (Mrs. Lewis) organized Lewis's reading habits and introduced him to Dickens and to Homer and other classics. ("John L. Lewis: An Unauthorized Biography," by Saul Alinsky.)

> He is reportedly still reading Shakespeare, although much of it must have been committed to memory by now; in periods of leisure, he devours mystery novels, drops in on musical comedies or Wild West comedies. ("Labor Baron," by James A. Wechsler.)

Mr. Lewis replied:

"I think you would be fair in saying that I do read extensively and, naturally, much of it is of a serious nature."

One of the younger heads of a big and important union is David J. McDonald, president of the United Steel Workers, about whom a eulogistic biography has already been written. Mr. McDonald referred the writer to this book for answers to these questions. Apparently books are a secondary factor in his life, for the biography "Man of Steel" quotes him as saying "the greatest influence on McDonald has been McDonald." However, in the same biography there is the following reference to early literary influences:

> Instead of the "The Three Bears and Goldilocks," Mother McDonald told her children exciting and suspenseful stories of how her father had to sneak off to the woods for union meetings. They were exciting stories, meant to impress the children with the need to improve their lot with education. Also, to teach them the hard facts of life which govern the lot of a steelworker's family. It was difficult for the children to understand "why grandpa couldn't hold meetings at home." As they grew older they understood more easily why union meetings would not be permitted in the public halls of Sharon or any other place. Children learn fast.

A later quotation from this book suggests a familiar pattern in the lives of successful men:

> Once an avid reader of everything from brain-twisting engineering textbooks to Shakespeare, Dave, since taking over the union presidency, has had little time for more than a quick flip through newspapers and magazines.

Mr. McDonald's reading in the social sciences has not been too intensive, if his biographers' description of his attitude is true, for they refer to him as "outspoken champion of democratic capitalism, the Man of Steel also has been a long-time foe of Communism and its little brother socialism."

Turning from coal and steel to the needle trades, we find a deeper intellectual background in the reply of Jacob S. Potofsky, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—CIO. Like many of his colleagues, he recalls the influence of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," which was particularly strong on him because he read it while working in the Hart Schaffner and Marx plant, downwind from the stockyards in Chicago. During his early years Mr. Potofsky read several of the novels of Sholem Aleichem, and a great deal of contemporary poetry. He recommends the following books for the high-school student who wishes to learn about the history and ideals of labor: "Soil and

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Steel," by Clinton Golden and P. A. Waring. "Labor in America," by Harold Faulkner and Mark Starr. "The Labor Story," by Ailene Austin. "Labor in America," by Foster Rhea Dulles. "Sidney Hillman, Labor Statesman," by Matthew Josephson. "American Labor Struggles," by Samuel Yellen. "Labor Unions in Action," by Jack Barbash.

David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, frankly acknowledges the assistance given to his studies by the Czarist police who put him in jail for his organizing activity in his native town of Lodz, then under Russian control. In that compulsory reading room, he remembers being greatly influenced by Edward Bellamy's classic, "Looking Backward," which he read in a Yiddish translation. He also had an opportunity to read freely the pamphlets and poems of various social democratic authors. (By the way, the number of times to which Bellamy is referred to by union leaders makes his biography by Arthur E. Morgan worthy of more attention than it has received.) Mr. Dubinsky doubts whether the modern high-school youngsters now read such Utopian challenges as Bellamy's world-famous book.

A. J. Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, reveals a more indigenous, but kindred, influence of books of protest and social change. He relates that as a youth his indignant imagination was fired by the tales of the injustices inflicted by England on her American colonies. The sense of unfairness he gained from these readings made him particularly alive to the injustices he encountered when he went to work as an apprentice boy in a railroad shop, and spurred him on to assume leadership in the apprentice boys' shop committee within a few months after he went to work. The challenge of these responsibilities drove him into wider reading in the literature of social change, and in the "technical tools" of the labor movement: parliamentary law and public speaking. He mentions an early interest in the speeches and writings of the elder Robert M. LaFollette, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Wilson.

John P. Burke, of the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite, and Paper Mill Workers, mentions some influential biographies ("The Bending Cross," a biographical novel about Eugene Debs by Ray Ginger, "Clarence Darrow for the Defense," by Irving Stone, and Darrow's own autobiography), Ralph Chaplin's "Wobbly," and the often cited "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy.

THE mention of Eugene V. Debs by Mr. Burke and many of his fellow labor leaders makes a note on the reading of that powerful personality in order. Debs got his given names from Eugene Sue and Victor Hugo. He read and reread the latter's "Les Miserables" and Schiller's poem "The Hostage." He pondered Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" and learned American history from Appleton's "Encyclopedia"; Thomas Paine and Patrick Henry became his heroes. He brought Robert Ingersoll and James Whitcomb Riley to lecture at Terre Haute. Two other books which greatly influenced Debs were Laurence Gronlund's "The Cooperative Commonwealth" and Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." When Debs and his colleagues in 1894 defied the Pullman injunction their consequent imprisonment was relieved by a library of 200 books which included the writings of Henry George, Robert Blatchford, the Fabian Essays, and Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth." Here also he discussed Socialism with Keir Hardie; Victor Berger brought him

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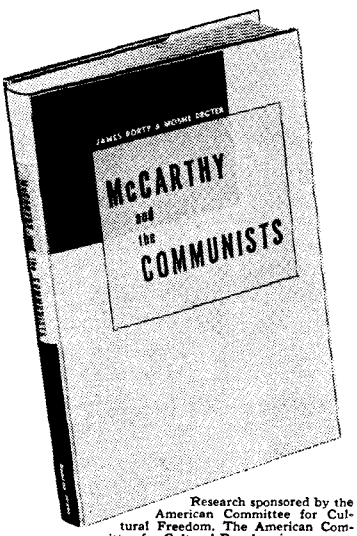

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IS SENATOR McCARTHY A TOTALITARIAN? Some liberals feel that McCarthy is a totalitarian. Is *this* attitude justified?

WHAT THE FIRST READERS SAY

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Karl Marx's "Capital" and Marxian popularizations by Karl Kautsky and others. But Debs remained the emotional orator of the platform, the attractive figurehead and candidate of the Socialist Party in the election of 1904, stronger in ethical appeal than in economics; the rebel answer to the robber barons. In his second jail term in Atlanta he read the Bible through and "The Brass Check" and "Mammonart" by Upton Sinclair. It is not hard to detect that the most constant and important literary influence in the life of Debs is Jean Valjean of Hugo's masterpiece.

SAUL B. HOFFMANN, president of the Upholsterers' International Union, recalls Mary Beard's "Short History of the Labor Movement" and recommends very strongly the Gompers autobiography, "Seventy Years of Life and Labor." He refers to the American labor novel which Sinclair Lewis in 1929 was planning to write and wonders what it would have been like.

J. A. Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America—CIO, shares Mr. Hayes's experience:

"I recall my deep absorption with American history. At that time there were a number of popular magazines that described, in timely language and in great detail, the American Revolution. These captured my imagination and to this day I often find myself quoting historical incidents that I acquired from them.

"The other printed material that had a lasting effect on my outlook were the writings of Abraham Lincoln. My mother had a deep devotion to Lincoln and had acquired a number of volumes on his life and works. I recall reading and discussing with her these various volumes, and the impression that his life had made upon me.

"One of the other mediums of information and knowledge that played an important role in our family life was the daily and weekly newspapers and, during the evening family gathering, my father would assign various articles in the paper to us for study and reporting, and then he would help us interpret their meaning and effect upon us as an American family.

"Perhaps one of the historical facts about me personally, that sparks my deep concern with history, was the fact that I was the son of an Irish immigrant, whose entire family was deeply concerned with the development of the Free Ireland Movement. The history of that movement, as described in the various periodicals and books my father had, also consumed a great deal of my time and interest."

A varied and wide intellectual diet is indicated by Patrick E. Gorman, secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers Workmen of North America:

"In my school days I read 'The Lives of the Saints.' Their sacrifices, not only in the cause of religion but also for the poor and the downtrodden, have always remained indelibly stamped upon my whole being. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why in later years the speeches of Eugene V. Debs and the works of Marx and Engels were never so impressive as to weaken my Christian zeal.

"I read everything of Ben Jonson, Carlyle, and most of the philosophies of Socrates and Aristotle. I attempted to interest myself in 'Ivanhoe' but found it dull and drab. Robespierre and Danton only created abhorrence in my mind against cruelty in all forms in human beings. The 'Life of Lenin' left me flat also because I recognized that while he was making a great contribution toward social progress, he at the same time was advocating bloodshed.

"I am still consoled by the Psalms of the Old Testament. I seem to feel more tender toward others in reading the poems of so-called light poets like Thomas Moore, John Boyle O'Reilly, and James Whitcomb Riley. The Koran of the Moslems has always impressed me because of the goodness of all other religions blended into one holy book.

"I still read, sometimes hurriedly, every book that is sent me by publishers and every book that someone tells me is good.

"To be frank, none of these have left with me as unerasable an impression as 'The Lives of the Saints'."

In the case of Arnold S. Zander, president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees—AFL, a well-read father played an important role:

"Books did not play a great part in influencing me in wanting to work in the movement. I read a great deal and books were more than available in my early days but it was atmosphere and general climate at home more than any specific book reading that influenced my thinking.

"Labor leaders who came to town used to visit at our home and I recall, though somewhat dimly, entertaining at home and sometimes putting up for the night people like Oscar Ameringer, Mother Jones, Victor Berger, and others of those early stalwarts. I never spent time on useless or even light reading until later years, but read copiously from all the tracts, current publications, biographies, etc., that my parents always kept readily at hand. My father, who during all those years worked ten hours a day, six days a week, nevertheless had time to carry on seemingly endless hours of discussion with his six children, almost always on economic subjects."

EVIDENTLY our current crop of labor leaders had little time to read big books in the early days of their trade-union experiences. Only one of the replies referred to the encyclopedic standard "History of Labor" by John R. Commons and his associates. It is safe to say that many British trade-union leaders, replying to a similar question, would have mentioned the classic "History of Trade Unionism in Britain," by Beatrice and Sidney Webb, and also their standard work "Industrial Democracy." Most of them would refer to the writings of John Ruskin, William Morris, Robert Blatchford, H. M. Hyndman, Karl Marx, Edward Carpenter, and later to the pamphlets and books of Keir Hardie, J. Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, G. D. H. Cole, and others as sources of their inspiration. Brought up on such a diet, the second generation of Labor M.P.'s and union leaders is a much more articulate group of writers and speakers than our own labor leaders.

Strangely enough, there is no reference in all these replies to the writings of Jack London, whose "The Iron Heel" and "Burning Daylight" influenced many men and women in Europe. Even Jack London's "Before Adam" and his dog stories, such as the "The Call of the Wild," suggested evolution and social change. By coincidence, a prominent British trade-union journal is now running "The Iron Heel," possibly to accord with the current misconception of the United States as an agency of Wall Street imperialism.

These summaries show no overall fixed pattern in the reading which influenced the labor leaders whose own words have here been quoted. The literary recollections of union leaders are indeed a mixed dish. All sorts of writings—Utopian visions, Irish longings for liberty, documents of the Founding Fathers, and the idealism and collective salvation of both the socialist movement and the Catholic Church—all have been transmuted into organized union protest against social wrongs.

Then, too, the leaders are not monolithic in their reading advice to youth. No modern novel was mentioned. Do union leaders wish the high-school graduate to read only serious nonfiction? Or is there no modern fiction writer who can arouse attention as Upton Sinclair and Jack London could in the first decade? Do the sober daily chores of labor-management relations lack the dramatic impact of the earlier struggles for survival?

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Tours for Divas

THE biggest headache in the field of travel is endured every year by Miss Mary Crennan, a short, rotund lady who annually spends a million dollars making hotel and transportation arrangements for people like Lily Pons, Yehudi Menuhin, Jascha Heifetz, and Mario Lanza.

As transportation manager of Columbia Artists Management, world's largest concert representatives, Miss Crennan has been known to import whole orchestras from Europe, booking their space from the time they leave their home town until they complete a whistle-stop tour of the United States eight weeks later. She fills rooms in the nation's hotels 32,500 times a year, runs up a weekly bus bill of $10,000, keeps over a thousand performers on the road from September to May.

Most of the thousand traveling artists are brimful of temperament, not to mention superstitions. Oscar Levant won't ride in berths, sleep in rooms, or travel in planes numbered 13. Once he called up to find out what space he was holding on the Century for Chicago. "You've got drawing room G," said Miss Crennan. "G for George." There was a scream at the other end of the phone. "Don't say George to me," said Mr. Levant, who won't travel in Pullman cars bearing that name either.

Irate pianists think nothing of calling Miss Crennan in New York to complain because their hotel room in Spokane is not ready. One famed singer will not be booked into towns with fewer than three movie theatres because she is an avid cinema fan and she figures that three theatres will give her a fair chance of catching one she hasn't seen before. The late Bronislaw Huberman was an insomniac and used to enter his train and make a mark on the window alongside the space he was holding. Then he would walk outside and see if his berth was over the train's wheels. Managers like Schuyler Chapin and Humphrey Doulens, who are employed by Columbia to travel with the top stars, have been required to measure the length of a railway car with a ruler in order to assure some fluttery contralto that her compartment was in the exact comfortable middle of the carriage.

Big-name artists travel the main roads using plane and train, but outsized attractions like the St. Paul Cathedral Choir, the Boston Pops, and the Garde Républicaine Band of Paris are moved cross country by bus. Rolling across the wide spaces of the West, they can cover 300 miles a day, sleep in a hotel room every night instead of over the rails. Moreover, the performers cut down on tips that are required with frequent changes of conveyance. Piano teams present special problems because many auditoriums keep only one piano on hand and, besides, most accomplished pianists have agreements to use only one manufacturer's piano. Columbia now has three piano teams on its roster, all of whom travel by trailer truck, bringing their instruments with them.

Solo stars who worry about transportation frequently carry duplicate accommodations on both plane and train as an assurance against the weather. On a tour of the U.S. with Jascha Heifetz this year Schuyler Chapin had to check the local weather bureaus three times a day. If clear flying was assured Heifetz flew, sitting in the front of the plane, alongside the engines, one seat for Jascha, one for Chapin, and one for the fiddle.

The all-time multiple ticket buyer, however, is Lily Pons, who adores trains, and buys six tickets every time she travels. Two fares cover her own private drawing room, one roomette is for her pianist, one for her flutist, one for her maid, and one for her manager. In deference to her affinity for railroads, not to mention her patronage, both the Boston and Maine and the Central Railroad of New Jersey have named locomotives *Lily Pons* and the Pullman Company is christening a car in her honor.

WHILE divas like Pons are the delight of the railroads, they are also their dismay. Singers fret continually over air-conditioning, which might render them voiceless on concert night. When Pons enters a railroad car her manager is required to have the air-conditioning shut off, a feat which he can frequently turn by dispensing a ten-dollar bill to the right party. But an hour later some sweltering traveler usually ups the ante and the cool air comes on again. It is a duel all night until she drops off to sleep. In Pons's case there is also the matter of her three Lhasa terriers imported from Tibet. They must be smuggled in each parlor car and inside every hotel in contravention of whatever regulations might exist. A flash of the Pons keyboard, a burst of the Pons personality, however, and railway vice presidents are normally reduced to murmuring baby talk to the three mutts from Mongolia.

Miss Pons, who is given to broad-hooped skirts, which she refers to as her "'oops," prefers big, roomy, old-fashioned automobiles to accommodate her mode of dress. At home she drives a 1934 Packard with a

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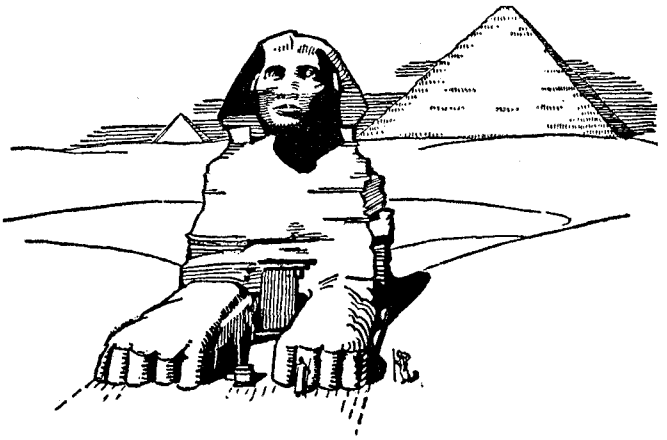
special Brewster body. Ancient hacks being hard to come by in places like Centralia, Illinois, her manager, Humphrey Doulens, generally rents them from mortuaries which keep them on hand as funeral cars. The morticians are usually so pleased by the prospect of Miss Pons using one of their funeral cars they rarely charge Doulens for its use.

ALTHOUGH Miss Crennan gets preferred accommodations for her traveling stars in the nation's best hotels, Pons is now presenting a new problem. She prefers motels, seeking them out in Little Rock, Beaumont, Baton Rouge, and Montgomery. Observers say it is somewhat unnerving to see Pons, her furs, her jewelry, her French maid, her pianist, flutist, manager, and three Lhasa terriers pour out of five cabins in the tourist belt of Texas, but there is no explaining the preferences of a prima donna.

Says Mary Crennan, "I know the hotels of this country by heart. I know which have cockroaches. I know the artists and I know that if I put them in certain hotels they couldn't yodel a note the next day." After fifteen years with Thomas Cook, three with American Express, and seven with Raymond Whitcomb, Miss Crennan thinks that being a travel agent is a vacation compared to booking tours for concert artists. She now keeps three girls who do nothing but route trips and two stenographers who spend all their working hours typing itineraries. Although hot calls from an overheated Heifetz in the middle of Kansas have made her dream longingly for her quiet travel-agent days, Miss Crennan has stuck by her promise delivered twelve years ago that she would never quit in the middle of a season.

Still, she wishes that all her talented travelers would be like Dorothy Kirsten. Should a mixup occur and Kirsten find herself with no transportation out of a town she has been known to ride a cab to the city limits and sit on her luggage until a motorist, flagged by her dutiful manager, picks her up. Some days, faced with a problem of finding space for the 116 members of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam in forty-three American cities, including Lake Charles, Louisiana, and Anderson, South Carolina, Miss Crennan thinks how wonderful life might be if all her wandering minstrels would be like the singer who flies to her out-of-town engagements in her own private plane. Her husband is the pilot, and after he stows the plane in the hangar he puts on his full-dress suit and becomes her accompanist. It keeps down the overhead.

—HORACE SUTTON.



—From "Builders of the Old World."

Of Pharaohs and Fellahs

IN THE past several weeks the British have begun to evacuate the Suez, M-G-M has released Robert Taylor in "The Valley of the Kings," and a Gotham beautician has dreamed up a Cheops coiffure. But none of these stimuli existed a short time priorly when, vacation-minded, I stumbled on an ad in this organ for a fifty-one-day round trip to Egypt for $580, a good working-girl price if there ever was one. Everybody warned me against it: "You'll have trouble getting a visa." "You'll spend days going through the redtape." "The dragomen will drive you insane." "You'll catch yellow fever, typhoid, diarrhea." "There are riots in the streets." "Be sure to wear a nightie because the Sudanese chambermen will enter your boudoir without knocking." "It's baksheesh, baksheesh, baksheesh." "Watch out for those Egyptians. They aren't like American men," said American men. Well, I'm an intrepid woman where a bargain's concerned, and two weeks after having secured a visa overnight in New York I found myself drifting into the harbor of Alexandria, still dizzy from the sights of the Riviera, Florence, and Naples. I even liked Naples.

There was a light drizzle and the coast of Africa looked hazy, but I was assured by the nationals aboard ship that it never rains in the land of the pharaohs—Egyptians being quite as stout about their climate as our own Californians. So I snapped blurry pictures of cuttersful of uniformed gentlemen boarding the boat until I could no longer delay getting into line for the health and immigration inspectors. Two minutes later one of the ship's stewards approached, saying a couple of officers wanted to see me. I blanched, and the corpuscles trickled down to my toes. "This is it!" I thought sickly. "Oh, why did I ever leave Missoula?" Two khakied captains thrust out their hands. "Miss Zheer-sohn?" one asked. "On behalf of Mohyeddin El Shazli, director general of tourism in Egypt, welcome to Egypt! Let me get you some coffee." And he trotted off after the country's ubiquitous demitasse. "May I help you through customs?" asked the other politely, and I said, "Oh, sure," having recovered my poise. I had another quick Egyptian java with the boys in the customs, who seemed to find me quite charming, only I found out later that their instructions say "SMILE AT THE PEOPLE!" Then the two tourist police captains (that's what those nice fellows were) drove me to my hotel, where the bedrooms had inside locks like Rome, Paris, and NYC.

There are now about twenty tourist police captains and thirty-five women guides for tourists available to all travelers, without charge, through the Egyptian State Tourist Administration, which expects thereby to put the unsavory dragomen out of business. The captains, whose function is to meet all carriers and assist people through customs, have been selected from the regular police force for their superior education, knowledge of antiquities, facility with languages, and good manners. In addition to all that, the young ladies must be informed on the lands from which the visitors principally hail, and they have been further encouraged to invite us foreigners to their homes so we will be happy in the "new Egypt."

They made me happy in Alex during the few hours I was there by squiring me through the Graeco-Roman Museum (where all the statues had been beheaded by disapproving early Christians) and allowing me to snoop at my leisure in Farouk's official palace, Ras El Tin, a resplendent little shack.

I took a big Greyhound from Alex to Cairo, because it seemed slightly

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more exotic than the Diesel, and thus had the singular adventure of seeing it rain in the desert, where anybody will tell you it never rains. We stopped only twice on that vast desolation—once to let a solitary camel meander across the road, and midway for comfort at a gasoline station, which proclaimed on pylons in Arabic and English: "Chevrolet, Pontiac, Cadillac."

It was gloaming when we approached Giza on the outskirts of Cairo, and, being an emotional type, I nearly went to pieces when I caught sight of the pyramids, having always thought them most likely a myth. On the broad boulevard into metropolitan Cairo we passed vividly garbed dragomen astride Assyrian-nosed camels, fellahin in ankle-length nightshirts on asses, bicycles, and afoot, balancing huge trays of produce on their pates. (At Christmas they doll up in their pajamas.) Sail boats were loafing on the Nile, paled by the glimmering lights and neon Coca-Cola signs, while along the avenue was a graceful white mosque with a delicate minaret.

WHETHER Continental or Egyptian, the food in Cairo was tasty and cheap, and none of the waiters hovered for gratuities. I drank gallons of tap water, and got jumpy from coffee, doing as the Moslems do, who don't tipple, stuffed myself with kebab and meloukhia, which is like a chopped-spinach potage—and never needed aureomycin, that quart of Kaopectate, or Tums. Unlike the photo-contest winner in these pages on August 14, I didn't squander my "rich American" resources tipping the assembly-line porters, but simply rewarded the last fellah on the totem and smiled graciously.

There weren't any disturbances when I was in Cairo, although one day, venturing alone on the streets, I was accosted by a youth who said he was a student and Boy Scout. He offered to escort me to "the most interesting sectors of the city," and when I said, "Thank you, no," advised me that there had been riots in the direction I was heading and the street was now closed. "Where does it say so?" I challenged him, and walked over to a cop. You got to have some sense about these things; no Boy Scout has a ten o'clock shadow.

Just for the sport of it, I decided to try out a few dragomen before they became dodoes. The first one I hired (on an hourly rate) exhibited credentials saying: "Official Dragoman No. 7. Diploma of Higher Archaeology College. Contractor for Upper & Lower Egypt. Arrangement for Camping out in the Desert and Sailing Dahabieh on the Nile." After waiting twenty minutes half a block from a mosque where the cabdriver of his heart was catching up on his prayers, we went through the Citadel, Old Cairo, and the Dead City, for which he gouged me double the ceiling price set by the Government for this, as well as all other services and commodities. Then, returning to Giza for a better look at the pyramids, I mounted a camel and engaged my second dragoman, a stout, beturbaned chap of jolly disposition. He waddled on ahead holding the reins, while, modestly clutching my skirt to the pommel, I pitched along ever so romantically in the gathering dusk; and then there—at last—was the Sphinx. Gulping with awe, I heard him remark, "Now, isn't that the cat's whiskers?"

The best way to go through the bazaars is with an Egyptian man friend, and, parlaying a shipboard acquaintance, I wound up with five of varying pigmentation, all named Moustafa. They knew the alleys where you can get the best buys in everything from carnival kewpie dolls to Mohammedan "worry beads." Also they were adept in the fine art of bargaining, so, after drinking six demitasses at as many establishments, I was able to get my Nefertiti necklace "with genuine beads from the tombs of the kings" knocked down from two pounds to ninety piastres, a saving of three American dollars.

As for those Egyptian males I was cautioned about—it's like anyplace else: if you really don't want to get into any trouble, it's a good idea to go easy with the cheesecake and keep your glasses on.

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

Time's Orchard

By A. M. Sullivan

THE windfalls of love's generous tree
Ferment to anxiety.

The apple of mine eye is tossed
By windy mischief and sting of frost.

Bud and blossom, fruit and leaf
Hide the pith of Adam's grief.

From the cider press take pleasure
And sorrow for extra measure.

Kiss the bruised cheek at the fall
It has the sweetest taste of all.

Love is bitter. Love is sweet
There is no other fruit to eat.

Egypt

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Talking Peace with Stalin

Continued from page 9

"in 1955 at the very latest, it will be coming up for action; and, as far as I can see, it would be preferable were discussions started now. This consideration was what prompted me to include the veto question in the Memorandum."

So far as the position of the USSR was concerned, I hastened to remind the Russian leaders that the Soviet Union had already accepted in practice a very definite modification of the veto: "Russian abstention in the Security Council has not been regarded as a veto, despite the fact that the Charter stipulates that no decision is valid unless there are, among the necessary minimum majority of seven votes, the five concurring votes of the five great powers. You agreed to this modification of the veto, and there might be possibilities of other modifications as well." I further pointed out that the Memorandum did not contain the phrase "veto restrictions" but referred, rather, to "limitations on the use of the veto power in the pacific settlement procedure of the Security Council" by agreement of the five great powers.

Regardless of their feelings in the matter, I tried to make it clear that the passages in the Memorandum on use of the veto referred not alone to the USSR: "In fact, I do not believe that the United States and its Senate would ever consider relinquishing its veto right entirely." My own position, too, had to be clarified, because Mr. Molotov's stress on the term "mediator" tended to throw my whole mission into a false perspective. "You will understand," I repeated, "that I am not acting as a mediator, but as an explorer and as Secretary-General as well. As Secretary-General I have to pay due respect to what a majority of the Member states think and feel as to the great powers' right of veto and its use. I am therefore disappointed—quite disappointed—by Mr. Molotov's remarks."

The Generalissimo broke in at this point to say that he agreed with Mr. Molotov, but that "a mediator will always be criticized by both sides." A Secretary-General of the United Nations, he maintained, would always be a mediator in part, and, whether as Secretary-General or as mediator, he would have to be prepared for criticism from both parties to a dispute. "But you know, Mr. Lie," he appended, with the trace of a rare smile, "the middle way in such situations will always win."

With that, the Generalissimo turned to atomic-energy control, which was Point Two in the Memorandum. He criticized it for failing to take up prohibition of the atomic bomb. I replied that I agreed as to the need of prohibition, but that the problem on international control could not be avoided, and the difficulty here was finding a system of control which everyone could accept. But he was evidently determined that some mention of prohibition be made, for he repeated his criticism, stating among other things that I did not discuss this aspect of the problem at all. Criticism on this point had been anticipated, and so I was prepared to put forward a suggestion at once: "The International Red Cross has just adopted a resolution urging the great powers to do everything possible to agree on prohibition of the atomic bomb. What we could do would be to mention the Red Cross resolution in the Memorandum, and append it as a new item to be discussed by the Security Council." This indication that the document might be corrected or added to seemed to meet with approval, and I decided that the Russians might be satisfied by a reference in the Memorandum to the Red Cross resolution.

MR. MOLOTOV then brought up Point Three: controlling the armaments race and effecting a reduction of armed forces. His chief objection on this score was that I again failed to mention the USSR's proposals. Here I pointed out that the Memorandum proposes no special approach one way or the other, calling only for "new efforts at finding some area of common ground. If the Memorandum were to be used as a basic paper for future periodic meetings of the Security Council there was nothing to prevent the Russians from taking up their suggestions anew. "Though I might prefer," I added with a smile, "that they be changed a bit, if they are to have any chance of being adopted. This Memorandum, you must remember, is only a list of suggestions which can be added to, amended, or changed by the various Governments, provided they agree to assemble in periodic meetings. It is this last point that is essential."

The Vice Prime Minister then commented on Point Four and its suggestion, as a first step to break the deadlock over armed forces to be at the disposal of the Security Council (Article 43 of the Charter), of an "interim accord for a small force sufficient to prevent or stop localized outbreaks threatening international peace." He charged that this also represented the Anglo-American point of view. I replied, "That is not correct," and appealed to Mr. Vyshinsky for confirmation. Confirmation, of course, was too much to expect; but he did smile and nod while I recalled for the benefit of Stalin and Molotov that the United States in the Military Staff Committee and the Security Council had always supported not a small force, but the largest possible armed force. "The Americans advocated the biggest air, army, and naval units for the United Nations, while the other great powers favored smaller units." I tried to explain: "The purpose of the Memorandum, at this point, is to secure temporary agreement on a small force consisting, for example, of the lowest number of army, navy, and air forces proposed by any one of the great powers. This would be more than sufficient to prevent or stop localized outbreaks threatening international peace. Furthermore, I do not believe that such military forces need often be used. In my opinion, even the United Nations observers with their blue armbands are frequently far stronger and more influential than armed units, planes, and warships. The mere existence of a small force would, in itself, give decided power to the Security Council and to its decisions regarding peaceful settlement." In winding up I reiterated that my own views on Point Four did not represent those of the United States: "In fact, I am fully prepared to find the USA raising some of the selfsame objections I've heard here today." At this, another trace of smile was perceptible under the Generalissimo's mustache.

There was no reference to Point Five, calling for universality of membership, which I believed the USSR to favor. Mr. Stalin now took up discussion of Point Six, on an active program of technical assistance and capital investment for economic development for the people of the underdeveloped countries. "I am much interested," he said, "in seeing this very important work continued and extended during the coming years." However, he was

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of the opinion that the work should not be carried on outside the United Nations, but exclusively within the Organization. Did I not agree? My answer expressed agreement in principle, that the best solution would be for technical and economic assistance to be extended through the United Nations and the *Specialized Agencies,* continuing: "However, I must call your attention to the fact that funds for financing technical assistance are not included in the regular United Nations budget, but are voluntary contributions and the money is now coming mainly from the United States. Therefore, it is hardly for the United Nations to set terms regarding technical assistance. It would neither be practical nor politically feasible for me as Secretary-General to tell the United States Senate that the millions it appropriates for technical assistance should go exclusively to the United Nations and to organizations joined to or cooperating with it. In my mind, politics is the art of attaining that which it is possible to attain." In the light of such facts the United Nations would have to take what it received, and be content. "But in principle," I repeated, "I agree with Generalissimo Stalin. If technical and economic assistance were given and administered through and by the United Nations and its associated organizations criticism as to imperialism, capitalism, etc., would be reduced, or would disappear altogether." Then, knowing that the USSR had so far contributed nothing to the technical assistance program, I ventured to add: "The time has perhaps come for the USSR, as well, to begin contributing to the great purpose dealt with under Point Six." This elicited no response.

POINT SEVEN called for more support of the Specialized Agencies by all the Member governments and specifically for the Soviet Union to join them. I also called for ratification of the Charter of the International Trade Organization. The Generalissimo passed over the matter of membership in the Specialized Agencies. Emphasizing that the Soviet Union was most interested in international trade, or, as he put it, "trade with the whole world, trade across the small countries, and with the great and all other countries," he volunteered the opinion that the charter of the International Trade Organization was a good one, and that with a few changes it might well be ratified by a number of countries which had not yet done so, including the Soviet Union. But, he added, the basis of the charter must be coexistence between the differing economic and political systems. An international trade treaty which would harm the prospects of the economic and political system then in force in the USSR, for example, must not be adopted. For this reason, the charter would have to be amended. He made clear that the mere ratification of the ITO charter would not mean that Soviet trade objectives had thereby been attained. The "policy of discrimination" which the United States, among others, had brought to bear against the Soviet Union must also be taken up. The United States, he contended, followed "most discriminatory practices" in its foreign trade, "all of them directed against the USSR." This policy and the resulting limitations of international trade must be discussed in the interest of bringing about a change. Not until then would all the Member states be able to obtain the advantages resulting from expanded international trade, such as a higher living standard. He seemed to have a keen interest in the subject.

In this connection the Generalissimo referred to President Truman's remark to me about having been ready at Potsdam to suggest six billion dollars for aid to the USSR: After the war the country had needed credit; but not any longer. "We had four terrible years during which all our brave Russians suffered, but now we want trade and not credit." Modifying the statement slightly with the admission that he would not refuse "were somebody to come along and offer dollars or credit," he repeated that the Soviet Union did not ask for it any longer. In answer to these remarks, I suggested that the abolition of present policies of discrimination could possibly be included under the Memorandum's Point Seven: "In this way this question, as well, could be taken up for discussion at possible periodic meetings." With this, our exchange on Point Seven was ended. Generalissimo Stalin had been the only one to speak from the Soviet side for some time now.

The Soviet leaders had nothing to say on the remaining points in the Memorandum.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1066)

T. ROETHKE:
LONG LIVE THE WEEDS
(From "The Waking—Poems 1933-53")

Long live the weeds that overwhelm
My narrow vegetable realm! . . .
All things unholy, marred by curse,
The ugly of the universe. . . .
With these I match my little wit
And earn the right to stand or sit,
Hope, love, create, or drink and die:
These shape the creature that is I.

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

statements in the novel. When the reader is finished with it he is neither illuminated as to the moral issues of our times, nor entertained, but only mystified. "Midnight Patient" is, indeed, "a most unusual book."

Notes

TROUBLE IN PEKING: To his list of novels about lost causes Peter Bourne now adds a fictional account of the Boxer Uprising. In a cheerfully purple style, halfway between Sax Rohmer and Burton Holmes, Mr. Bourne dilates on the intricate charm of old Peking: "a fabulous and fantastic city of contrasts, a never-never land constructed by sybarites and slaves for potentates and poets; an incredible haven of Celestial peace and cruel poverty, of voluptuous langor and verminous lice; a legendary fairyland of color and culture, ceremony and customs. In other words . . ."

Mr. Bourne has plenty of other words left in **"Twilight of the Dragon"** (Putnam, $3.95) with which to describe the chaotic summer of 1900, when the society of Righteous Harmony Fists stormed the foreign legation of Peking in an attempt to eradicate the Foreign Devils. Mr. Bourne's novel attributes the failure of the Boxers to attain their objective, partly to the efforts of one Wen Chin, a Christian Chinese who infiltrated the Forbidden City in search of an abducted lady friend. "Twilight of the Dragon" is at its best when it describes the exploits of Mr. Wen as he slithers perilously about the palace grounds, collecting military information and keeping a watchful eye on his beloved. Though his plot is almost as labyrinthine as the map of Peking itself, Mr. Bourne unravels his story with unfailing skill—shifting dexterously between the palace of the Dowager Empress and the legation compounds, and giving the reader a generous view of the complex hostilities. —MARTIN LEVIN.

THE WORLD OF THE ENGINE ROOM: Stanley Wolpert's **"Aboard the Flying Swan"** (Scribner, $3.75) is something refreshing: a first novel with a plot, and with a hero who does things with his hands as well as with his psyche. Bob Williams, a young marine engineer who has been on the beach for three years, ships out again as third assistant on the *Flying Swan*, an American freighter. Because he has impulsively run away from dull jobs and uncertain love, ashore, he finds himself aboard ship a few hours before sailing time, scheduled to take the midwatch in her engine room, and utterly ignorant of the intricacies of throttles, valves, and gauges that he once knew so well. Gradually, with the help of an unschooled old Russian fourth engineer, he gets enough of a grip on the job to stand his watch capably. He soon realizes, though, that he is learning more than that from old Nicolai Karenkov; he is learning what it is to work with his hands, to use wrenches, lathes, and drills.

—*Jacket design for "Twilight of the Dragon."*

". . . the intricate charm of old Peking."

But a ship at sea is a microcosm, and the forces of evil are well represented on the *Flying Swan*. Fred Becker, the chief engineer, is an unctuous old bandit who never goes near the engine room except to man his emergency station. Becker steals ten thousand dollars' worth of the ship's generator spare parts to sell in Brazil, taking the reasonable chance that no breakdown will occur before he has a chance to buy new ones.

Much of the trip is occupied with Becker's Machiavellian maneuverings as he tries to pin the theft on various members of his department, and with Bob's discovery, of what it means to be devoted mind and soul to machinery for its own sake.

You find little of the sea itself in this novel, but that is as it should be. The engineers spend most of their time in the engine room, in the sack, or drunk ashore. Mr. Wolpert ably evokes the manic gaiety of their liberties in South American ports, and the heat, noise, and sweat of their life aboard ship. It is not often nowadays that such competent literary recognition is given to the men who tend the fire in the heart of a ship and lead its power into turbines and propellers. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

Facts, Assumptions

Continued from page 24

no one asserts that there will be any liberty left in the wreckage of such a war. To what, then, do we look for survival? To a continuation of empty assumptions based on physical strength alone, strength that hypnotizes us more than it frightens the enemy? Or should we assert our sanity and look to a grand mobilization of human intelligence and the human spirit in creating the conditions of justice and enforceable law? A determined campaign of leadership behind a great idea can yet save the United Nations—the idea to federate it and to give it responsible powers which could not easily be thwarted or blocked.

The fact that Soviet Russia would oppose a better U.N. is relevant but not controlling. We are not obligated to advocate only those measures which we are certain the Soviet would approve. Our job is to identify ourselves with the ideas that make sense and that have a good chance of giving us moral and political leadership in the world. If that leadership is strong enough, Soviet Russia will have to oppose not only what we want but what most of the others want. And, right now, what we want doesn't seem to impress the rest of the world, largely because we don't seem too sure of it ourselves.

During the Second World War an American cruiser became engaged in a night battle against Japanese warships. When the action began the captain of the American cruiser had nothing but contempt for the newfangled gadgets such as radar for locating the enemy. He ordered his crew to ignore the radar and turn on the searchlights. The captain's empty assumption of strength—an assumption that was correct only one war earlier—resulted in the short-order death of 105 men on that cruiser.

Treaties and coalitions are the world's old standbys that are as obsolete and dangerous as searchlights on cruisers for war purposes. To be up to date, which is to say, to be properly equipped for survival, we must understand that military might today is important only as part of a powerful policy seeking the fulfilment of a great idea. The moment armed force becomes the whole show or even dominates it it becomes a monstrous liability. The battle in the world today is not solely one between two antagonistic concepts. The battle primarily is to sustain life on earth and make it purposeful. This battle must be recognized and understood before it can be won. —N. C.

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Americana

Continued from page 21

isn't sufficient. After reading these three hundred pages plus the sixty-six pages of notes and citations, it is hard to see how this vital and stimulating topic can be reduced to such pedestrian levels.

Facts, documentation, the radio in sport, the church in sport, industry and sport, the newspapers and sport, the government and recreation, race relations and sport, international sport—it's all detailed. Somehow there doesn't seem much behind it.

FOR one hardly needs three hundred pages of text at this date to realize that "colleges and universities, in the process of fostering intercollegiate athletics, have wittingly or unwittingly become engaged in the field of professional entertainment." Certainly, agreed. But how did we ever get there? Could it have been prevented? Why, for instance, are men's athletics commercialized and women's not? "America demands a winner." Granted; but why? The Turks don't; neither do the French or the Swedes; they all seem to be civilized peoples. Were we always this way? Doubtless Iddy-Biddy Basketball has its place in the body politic; but how about this whole athletic mess? Has our intense zeal for competition any correlation with our overcrowded mental hospitals?

What is the influence, good or bad, of high-school basketball upon Richmond, Indiana? How does our genius for organization express itself in sports, and is it different from the way we organize for war? What effect has our temperament had upon our leisure-time activities, what makes our athletes turn sour when they lose abroad as our Davis Cup team did recently in Australia? Why in our organized sport is so much done for the few, so little for the many?

Perhaps this is unfair. Maybe one shouldn't ask a book to contain deductions, implications, and conclusions which to the authors may seem trivial and unimportant. If so, my apologies. But in that event, there is still a vital and purposeful volume to be written on the place of sports and recreation in our national life. It would demand the genius with words of Jimmy Cannon, the historical touch of Samuel E. Morison, the sociological background of the late Eduard C. Lindeman, and the synthesizing talent of Stuart Chase. Plus the time, energy, and labor of a researcher for Time, Inc. No such person, alas, exists today. He will, however, sometime.

CLASSIFIED

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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PERSONALS

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Personification of the evening star.	23 36 169 92 66 146 111 149
B. Chemical term for ethereal.	67 22 11 89 53 97 30 199
C. The Genoese lottery.	190 32 57 10 42
D. Snappishness.	103 154 9 138 20 93 64 50
E. Wise old king of Pylos, in Greek expedition against Troy.	147 152 40 141 54 88
F. Name derived from that of a son.	27 25 191 74 127 194 100 172 155 52
G. Unusually excellent person or thing (2 Latin wds.).	17 105 95 160 179 46 176 166
H. Chief goddess of the Babylonian pantheon.	161 96 102 80 121 197
I. Walked on.	144 151 181 21 6 12 133
J. Contemporary writer; "Country Editor"; Pulitzer Prize, 1918.	65 134 33 139 110
K. First of two attributes, the essence of ideal culture, acc'g to Matthew Arnold.	56 43 86 59 13 122 70 148 73
L. Heavy steel plate used in mines to switch cars from one track to another.	107 78 142 8 87 140 16 119 177
M. Alive (3 wds.).	38 109 1 76 125 83 44 143 72 164
N. Another name for Sun Yat-sen (2 wds.).	192 126 135 98 157 55 58 90 174

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Inflict a certain frightful punishment formerly common in English and Dutch navies.	167 117 124 31 2 51 145 41
P. Specifying stage of development next after the embryonic.	35 24 106 132 77 137 7 60
Q. Fine cotton net dress material with woven square dot (after "point d' ").	4 34 150 112 170 62
R. Peruvian singer with extraordinary natural voice (contemporary; full name).	168 171 19 18 185 131 153 120
S. Any "tree" of the genus *Casuarina*.	195 94 187 175 14 128 84 186 118
T. Infringed hostilely.	61 162 182 28 68 48 116
U. Number of adult days Wordsworth said the equal of one "sweet childish" one.	39 15 82 198 163 63
V. Famous English perfumer; "Purveyor of soap to H.M. the King."	45 189 26 85 129 79 178
W. Mythical one: Argonaut who slew the Calydonian boar; real one: compiled earliest known anthology of epigrams, 1st cent. B.C.	188 165 69 183 5 159 115 49
X. With "terrae," globe-map of the Earth.	184 104 29 114 123
Y. One who calls (another) to witness.	193 180 37 173 136 81 47 113
Z. Summit of achievement (3 Latin wds.).	156 196 91 75 130 71 108 99 101 3

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DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 M	2 O	3 Z	4 Q	5 W	6 I	7 P	8 L	9 D	■	10 C	11 B	12 I	■	13 K	14 S
15 U	16 L	17 G	18 R	■	19 R	20 D	21 I	■	22 B	23 A	24 P	25 F	26 V	■	27 F	28 T
29 X	30 B	31 O	32 C	33 J	34 Q	■	35 P	36 A	37 Y	■	38 M	39 U	■	40 E	41 O	42 C
43 K	44 M	45 V	■	46 G	47 Y	48 T	49 W	50 D	■	51 O	52 F	53 B	54 E	55 N	56 K	■
57 C	58 N	59 K	■	60 P	61 T	62 Q	63 U	64 D	■	65 J	66 A	67 B	68 T	69 W	70 K	71 Z
72 M	■	73 K	74 F	75 Z	76 M	77 P	78 L	79 V	80 H	81 Y	82 U	■	83 M	84 S	85 V	86 K
87 L	■	88 E	89 B	90 N	91 Z	92 A	93 D	94 S	95 G	96 H	■	97 B	98 N	99 Z	100 F	■
101 Z	102 H	103 D	■	104 X	105 G	106 P	107 L	■	108 Z	109 M	110 J	111 A	112 Q	113 Y	114 X	115 W
116 T	■	117 O	118 S	119 L	■	120 R	121 H	122 K	■	123 X	124 O	125 M	■	126 N	127 F	128 S
■	129 V	130 Z	131 R	132 P	133 I	134 J	135 N	136 Y	■	137 P	138 D	139 J	140 L	141 E	■	142 L
143 M	144 I	145 O	146 A	147 E	148 K	■	149 A	150 Q	151 I	152 E	153 R	154 D	155 F	156 Z	157 N	■
158 Z	159 W	160 G	161 H	162 T	■	163 U	164 M	165 W	■	166 G	167 O	168 R	169 A	■	170 Q	171 R
172 F	173 Y	174 N	175 S	176 G	177 L	178 V	■	179 G	180 Y	181 I	182 T	183 W	■	184 X	185 R	186 S
■	187 S	188 W	189 V	190 C	191 F	■	192 N	193 Y	194 F	195 S	196 Z	197 H	198 U	199 B	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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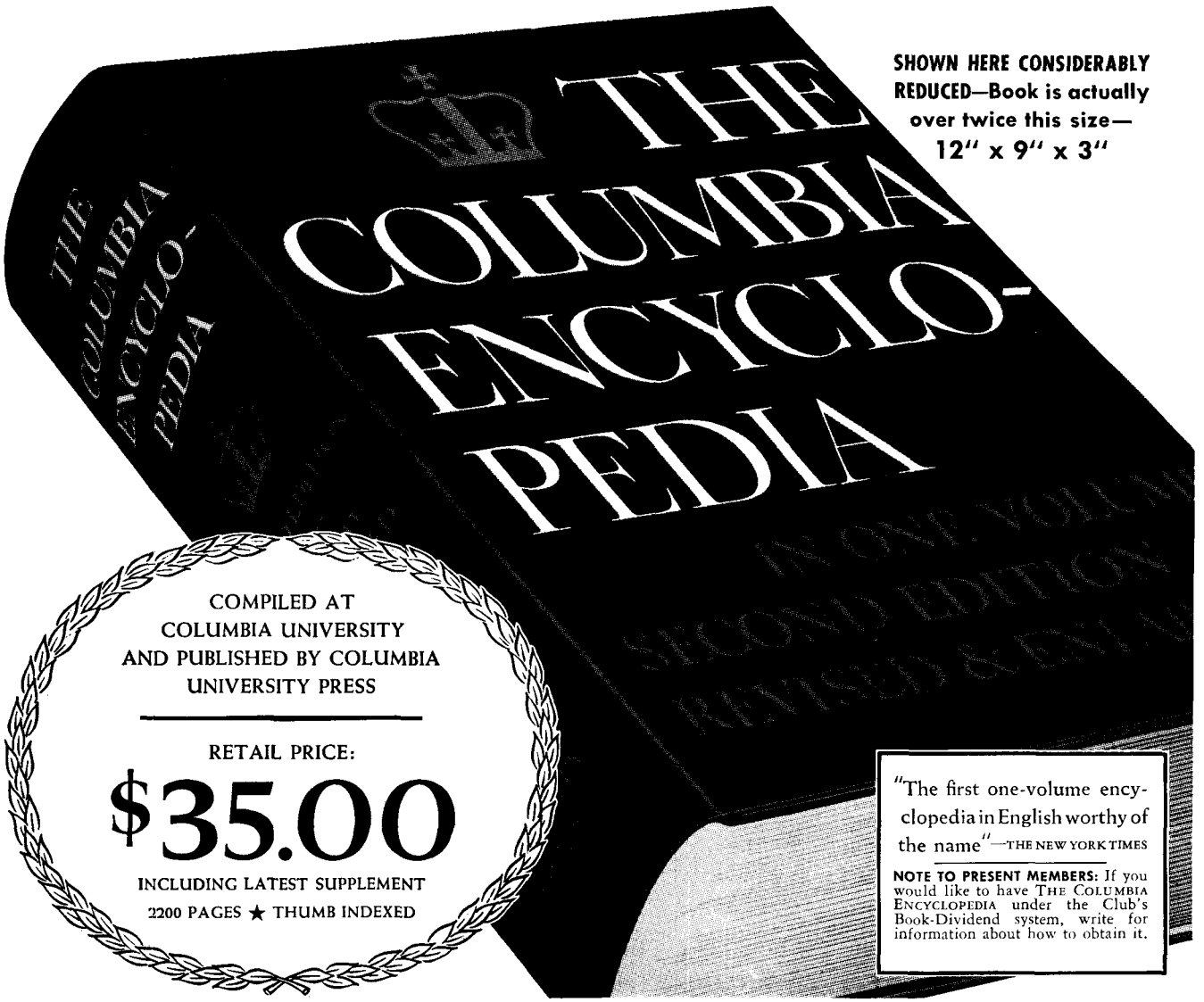

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